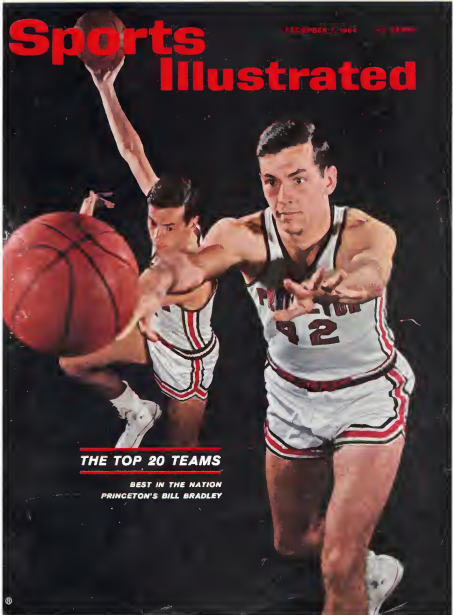


Special Issue: COLLEGE BASKETBALL

Sports Illustrated



SEPTEMBER 7, 1964

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Next week

THE BIG GAME in pro football next week is between the Browns and the Cardinals—a contest that may decide the Eastern championship. Edwin Shraike reports from St. Louis.

DUKE-MICHIGAN is the most significant clash of college basketball's first week, and perhaps of the first half of the season, because both are probable conference champions.

ORANGE DOMINATES the Miami scene as Florida celebrates its Bowl Festival with a regatta, a tennis tournament and two football games. Mike Glazer names them brilliantly.



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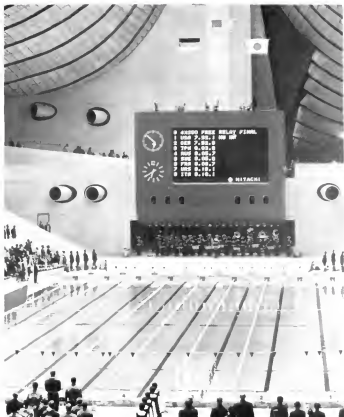
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* Just in case you've been wondering—Cleopatra was a billiards buff.





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The first "first" is obvious. The American team has just won the Olympic Gold Medal for the 800-meter free-style swimming relay. The time of 7 minutes 52.1 seconds set a new world record and a new Olympic record. This was one of the 16 Gold Medals captured by American swimmers at the 1964 Tokyo Olympics.

The second "first" is the scoreboard where the results are posted. Installed in Tokyo's National Gymnasium, it is the world's first electronic-computer-controlled automatic electric flash scoreboard equipment. It was designed and manufactured by Hitachi, Ltd., on request from the Tokyo Olympic Organ-

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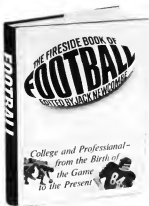
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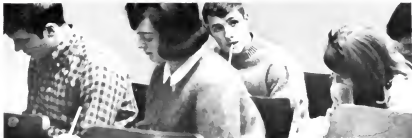
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is really nothing in between
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SCORECARD

HARDLY A MEMORY EXPERT

More than nine million striped bass are caught annually by almost 400,000 Atlantic Coast anglers, who spend some \$45 million a year on their sport.

Most stripers caught from Cape Cod to southern New Jersey are spawned in the Hudson River. Now that huge fishery may be doomed by a hydroelectric plant: New York's Consolidated Edison Company wants to build at Storm King mountain on the Hudson (\$1, Nov. 16). Fighting the power of the power companies has always been tough, and last spring sportsmen and conservationists were confounded by "expert testimony" given the Federal Power Commission by a key witness for the power company, Dr. Alfred Perlmutter, a biologist who formerly worked for the New York Conservation Department's Bureau of Marine Fisheries. He testified that he could "almost guarantee" that the proposed plant would have "little effect" on fish eggs. The "best" spawning grounds for striped bass, he said, were "much farther upriver" than Storm King. And, he said, "The last study on the Hudson River was made in 1938, and it hasn't been done since."

It has been done since. The January 1957 issue of the *New York Fish and Game Journal* contained a paper by Warren F. Rathjen and Lewis C. Miller, two biologists then employed by the state. They found that 88.8% of striped eggs were concentrated between Highland Falls and Denning Point, Storm King mountain is just about equidistant from these two places.

Did Dr. Perlmutter know of the report?

"He knew of our work," says Miller. "He was in charge of the unit. In fact, he hired us."

"That's right," says Rathjen.

AN INNOCENT PROPOSAL

Since 1829 crews representing Oxford and Cambridge universities have been rowing against each other on the Thames. That, however, is not long enough for the race to have become an unassailable

tradition in England. The *Oxford Magazine*, a faculty publication, came out last week against it. Practice for it took up too much time, the editors declared, and it cost too much money. Besides, they added without explanation, it is a "dying affair."

It does not seem to be dying for lack of public interest, certainly. Last year's race was watched by 13 million viewers, according to the British Broadcasting Corporation, and that is 3 million more than watch *Dr. Kildare* in Britain. Thousands more take the trouble to line the Thames each year.

As for time expended in practice (2½ hours daily from Christmas to April), it is time spent healthfully and would appear to be the concern only of those hardy fellows who volunteer for it. The expense involved also would seem to be the business of students and alumni, who pay some of it, and of the BBC.

Somehow, that editorial has the smell of a spoof, calculated to stir up wrath.

NOTE FOR THE GHOST OF VERLEN

While the British pound is in peril, the Texas dollar is doing just fine. The Houston Colt .45s had for sale 53 deluxe boxes, complete with closed-circuit television, in their new domed stadium. Price of a 24-seat box for the season: \$15,000 to \$18,000. Better hurry. So far, 35 have been sold.

COMPUTER TALK

Like blue-chip stocks in the financial markets, hockey's Montreal Canadiens have shown remarkable consistency in their winning ways over the years. In the 22 years during which the National Hockey League has been a six-team operation the Canadiens have won 746 of 1,430 games, lost only 424 and tied the other 260. They have scored 4,563 goals, and have had 3,416 scored against them. Detroit is runner-up with 686 wins, 483 losses and 261 ties, with a scoring edge of 4,296 to 3,701. Trailing in order are Toronto, Boston, Chicago and New York.

In terms of the Stanley Cup, the Ca-

nadiens have been slipping over the past four years, but otherwise they still retain top position. In five years they have had 187 wins, 91 losses and 72 ties. Toronto has moved up to second position, with Chicago, Detroit, New York and Boston following in that order.

Is anyone shouting "Break up the Canadiens"? Not in Montreal. Just in Toronto, Chicago, Detroit, New York and Boston.

THROWBACK

The Indians used them, sometimes with good cause and sometimes for fell purposes, and Robin Hood used no other weapon save his quarterstaff, his broadsword and his wits. But all that was in bygone days, and it is a long time since anyone has been held up at bow-and-arrow point. Now the Houston police are checking the rosters of archery clubs—looking for an atavistic bandit.

An attendant at a Houston gasoline station was sitting with his back to the pumps when an arrow zipped past him and pierced an oil can. Turning, he was confronted by a bandit who was clad, not in Sherwood green or war bonnet, but in khaki pants and Ivy League shirt. There was a bow in his hand and as he



strung another arrow he inquired: "Is the next one going to be for you?"

The bowman produced a paper bag, into which \$50 was poured. He disappeared, not astride a cayuse or into the forest (there is no forest in Houston), but in a late-model automobile.

THE RANCHER'S FRIEND

In the cattle country of Osceola County, Fla., the overanxious deer hunter is much as he is anywhere. Steer and deer are all the same to him. He shoots either.

—continued



The day after
Christmas,
this will be a
Collector's Item



Created for this Christmas only
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perfume. It sprays—and it costs
a mere six dollars. Incredible!

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BY
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SEVEN GREAT FRAGRANCES

SCORECARD *continued*

Until this year it seemed that little could be done about it. Sheriff Bob Buckles found that arresting careless hunters had little or no effect, since fines were apt to be light by the time the cases came to trial. So he went on a hunt of his own—through the law books—and found a statute that would permit him or his deputies to take punitive action on the spot. The law: persons engaged in a criminal offense involving the use of weapons are liable to have the weapons confiscated on the spot.

That is what Sheriff Buckles has been doing, and this year the toll of cattle casualties is very, very low.

WASRAIL FOR SAILORS

This year's novelty gift item for the sportsman who has everything is a custom-made, handcrafted, full-scale, 12-meter boat. With three years to go before another America's Cup challenge, half of the mere 17 boats in existence are for sale at up to 50% off. Prices range from \$260,000 (like new) to \$50,000 (vintage model). The supply is limited, so hurry.

BUT SAVE THE BRANDY, PLEASE

If Christian Gonin, a dog-mad Parisian automobile mechanic, has his way, the traditional Alpine St. Bernard bearing brandy will be replaced by a Samoyed of Siberian ancestry bearing, perhaps, vodka.

About a year ago Gonin went to London and spent his every centime for two pairs of English-bred Samoyeds. Since 1917, he learned, no Samoyed had been exported from Siberia. Gonin determined to get some for mountain work, but he realized he first had to prove that the Samoyed is a mountain dog par excellence. So he persuaded two Chamonix guides and two gendarmes of an elite mountain rescue brigade to test the dogs by climbing Mont Blanc with three of them.

The Samoyeds leaped joyously from rock to rock. They jumped crevices fearlessly. "On the ice they walked as if they had crampons under their paws," marveled one of the guides. They pulled it sled faster than the mountaineers could run. When a snowstorm blew up the dogs dug shelters. A gendarme concealed himself deep under a snowdrift, and Samoyed Patapoo proved he was as gifted as any St. Bernard in uncovering and snoring him.

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BAUSCH & LOMB

On the strength of it all Gonin took Pataproof to the Soviet embassy, where he was avowed that if he could get to Moscow on his own, his journey to Siberia would be expedited.

Looks bad for St. Bernards.

SORRY, COACH, I SCORED

In southeast Texas, where 12-year-old Robert Williams was ousted from a baseball league last summer because he was too good, winning would appear to be a sin. Thus, Gary Staley, who coaches Lamarque (Texas) Junior High School's seventh-grade Colts in football, is under fire because the Colts had a most successful season.

"We should not be putting such emphasis on winning at this early stage," protested Burton Barber, school board trustee. "We should be thinking of playing all the boys we can. At this stage we should be discovering talent, and we'll never know what those boys who did not play could have done."

Hard-driving Coach Staley explained that he divided his squad equally between A and B teams, with the A team playing a six-game schedule (without a defeat or being scored on) and the B's playing five (with one defeat). That took care of as many kids as a man should be expected to handle, he implied.

The solution, suggested Dave Williamson, school board superintendent, would be to have only an intramural athletic program in junior high—a suggestion that the school board turned down several years ago.

"When games are played with other schools," he said, "it is only natural that a competitive spirit will develop between coaches and players."

It would be difficult for us to agree with either side in the controversy. The purpose of junior high school football is most certainly not to develop talent. And seventh-graders by no means should play the hard-nose game that the competitive spirit, and competitive coaches, develop.

WHALE OF A TRIP

The only whale ever to have flown the Atlantic Ocean is a baby beluga named Titch who is young enough to like The Beatles. Somewhere separated from her mother, she was found stranded on the rocks of the St. Lawrence River and, after a stay at the Quebec city aquarium, was flown by Air France to the Flamingo.

continued



Mrs. Harnet Kudler,
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SCORECARD *continued*

mingo Park Zoo in Yorkshire, England.

It was quite a journey. Titch, 7 feet long and weighing 360 pounds, was placed in a thick plastic bag, which was lined with foam rubber soaked in sea water. The sloshy foam was maintained at 50° by the addition of ice, after which the contraption was placed in a box. To help keep Titch happy during the 14-hour flight, including a stopover at Gander, Nfld., Beatles' music was played to her. That she reacted favorably is indicated by the fact that her respiratory rate (one breath every 45 seconds) remains normal whenever music is being played.

"What probably made more difference, though," said Reg Bloom, the zoo's curator, "was caressing her with our hands. She loved that and being talked to. She talked back with the most delicious collection of squeals and rattles and noises." Titch did not come through the journey without some ill effects, but she is now odds-on to survive. If she does, it will not be altogether without precedent. There are two belugas in the New York Aquarium, one of which was flown in from Alaska.

FINANCIAL REPORT

Most colleges are closemouthed about the financing of their intercollegiate athletic programs. The amounts paid coaches and laced in by alumni and friends to help assure a continuing supply of profligate athletes are generally secret. But the University of Nebraska and the University of Kansas, the two top teams in Big Eight football, have opened the books. Their reports reveal that what keeps intercollegiate athletics in the black is contributions. It would seem reasonable to assume that the same would apply to the vast majority of comparable universities.

Nebraska disclosed that for the year ended last June 30 it received \$126,234.61 in contributions to be used for athletic scholarships, or grants-in-aid, as the NCAA prefers that they be called. Total grants-in-aid distributed for all sports came to \$211,981.50, with the difference made up from football profits. Coach Boh Devaney's salary was \$21,500. The entire athletic program showed a profit of only \$3,929.08, even though the Huskers played in the Orange Bowl.

In a comparable period alumni and friends of Kansas contributed \$63,200 of the \$219,000 Kansas spent for grants-in-aid. Coach Jack Mitchell received

Diorling



the
new
perfume
of
Christian
Dior

Made in France

\$18,200 The overall athletic program showed a profit of \$16,023.35. The higher profit at Kansas was attributable largely to the fact that basketball wound up \$29,049.72 in the black at Kansas, ran up a loss of \$73,182.96 at Nebraska.

All of which explains why heavily contributing alumni rate those good seats,

CREE OF THE WILD GOOSE

If goose hunters on Maryland's Eastern Shore had their way, they would be guided only by Cree Indians imported for the season from the goose country where James Bay meets Hudson's Bay 550 miles above Montreal. Indeed, some who travel to the Shore from far points insist beforehand that they will not leave home unless they are assured a Cree guide. The Cree are the world's best goose and duck callers.

But Cree willing to leave home are hard to find. Men who live by hunting, fishing and trapping, they detest working for a salary. Only a very few are willing to spend the goose season in Maryland. Two who did this year are Jimmy Trapper, 28, and Jimmy Visston, 21. It took Francis C. Cole of Clearview, Md., a guide outfitter for the past 17 years, a long time to persuade them to join him.

What can a Cree do that modern goose calls and expert hunters cannot do?

"It's simple," says Cole. "They crouch in the grass and talk to the geese overhead. They sound exactly like geese. Artificial goose calls sometimes don't."

The only complaints about their services come from experts like Bill Burton, *Baltimore Sun* outdoors editor, who went out with two other Cree a few years ago.

"Their calls spoiled us," Burton said. "Far away from another goose blind, we heard what normally would be considered a good goose call from a regular caller, but it didn't compare with the sounds coming from our guides. The Cree made our shooting too easy as they lured the birds right to our blind."

Some complaint.

THEY SAID IT

- **Hix Green**, Texas halfback, asked who called the play for his first touchdown of the year in the team's final game. "My mother. She wanted to see me score."
- **Jerry Welch**, Arkansas offensive guard, on the inequities of the platoon system: "When the defense does its job, it's in there just three plays, but when we do our job right, we're out there all day." **END**

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you and
me seeing
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Curtis
and
Natalie
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A CATCH – AND CRASH

JACK SHREFF AND GEORGE LONG



Moving to destroy previously unbeaten Notre Dame's high hopes for No. 1 national ranking, USC's Rod Sherman grabs pass from Craig Fertig.



Craig's desperate lunge is too late and too short as the USC sophomore whirls and races unhindered and unchecked the remaining yards to goal.

GOES NOTRE DAME!



On play which began on fourth down with only a minute and 40 seconds to go, Sherman breaks into middle a step ahead of Safety Tony Carey.



Charging into end zone, Sherman helps inflict the biggest upset of the season—an upset, that is, to all but USC Coach John McKay (next page).

continued

'A FAIRLY SUFFOCATING THING'

by JOHN UOERWOOD and JACK TOBIN

The pass is called 84-Z and it is an old one in the University of Southern California's playbook. A receiver split wide to the left delays for one second after the snap, sprints dead ahead for five steps, fakes outside, then cuts sharply down and across toward the middle of the field. The quarterback drifts straight back and throws to the spot. Last Saturday in Los Angeles' Memorial Coliseum, with one minute and 43 seconds remaining in the last big football game of the regular 1964 college season, USC worked the play perfectly. Quarterback Craig Fertig threw the ball chest-high to Halfback Rod Sherman for 15 yards and a touchdown. And in that single dramatic instant, while 83,840 people screeched, gasped and whooped, as suddenly and with the finality of a Hollywood fade-out, able-bodied Notre Dame was no longer the No. 1 team in the nation. In a mad, mad, mad season of upsets, USC scored the biggest one of all over the Fighting Irish, 20-17.

Unfortunately for Coach John McKay's feverish Trojans, the victory—another treasure to be filed away among USC's many illustrious deeds—was dulled before the evening ended. Faculty representatives of the Athletic Association of Western Universities curiously voted for co-champion Oregon State to represent the conference in the Rose Bowl against Big Ten champion Michigan. The decision on whether Oregon State or USC would go had been delayed for a week—until after the Trojans met Notre Dame. The Trojans, whose vote doubtless caused the delay, assumed with some justification that they would receive the Rose Bowl honor if they defeated the Irish and wound up the season with a fine 7-1 record. Oregon State had finished 8-2, but no one could argue that State had played as tough a schedule as USC.

The bad news arrived as McKay and his team were in the midst of a celebration dinner at a suburban restaurant. It was met with stunned silence. But not for long. USC Athletic Director Jess Hill finally said, "So far as I am concerned, this is one of the rankiest injustices ever perpetrated in the field of intercollegiate athletics."

But if USC was disappointed, Notre Dame was crestfallen. The Irish, after

all, had lost a much more valuable prize: the national championship. After its sixth game of the season Notre Dame became No. 1 and, carrying that sometimes awesome burden, it tumbled on past Pittsburgh, Michigan State and Iowa as Quarterback John Huarte passed his way to the Heisman Trophy, as End Jack Snow set record after record, and as Coach Ara Parseghian nervously tried to avoid being compared with Knute Rockne.

For Parseghian, this last role was especially difficult to net. Most of the members of the Notre Dame team were the same ones who managed to win only two games in 1963. Huarte had not even earned a letter. But here was Notre Dame with a glittering 9-0 record, the second best offense in the country, the best defense, with at least three players—Huarte, Snow and Linebacker Jim Carroll—already named to various All-America teams and now a 14-point favorite to destroy USC and launch one of the grandest celebrations Pershing Square has seen since the invention of sandals. USC Coach John McKay had his own part to play, and he handled it with ease. A witty, pleasant man with a white crew cut and, usually, a cigar, McKay said the Monday before the game: "I studied the Notre Dame-Stanford film for six hours last night and I have reached one conclusion: Notre Dame can't be beaten."

McKay knew what gram and worried thoughts must be traipsing through Parseghian's mind—his own Trojans had won the 1962 national title. He had another observation on Tuesday. "I've decided that if we play our very best and make no mistakes whatsoever we will definitely make a first down," he said.

Nor did the USC team appear, outwardly at least, to be consumed with intense dedication. The practice sessions were brisk but not laborious (McKay has ordered a scrimmage only once in four years, anyway). And they were flavored by a caustic, mildly blasphemous (at least in South Bend) little chant concocted by a Trojan squadman, which went, "Offense, offense, win one for The Gipper."

By Wednesday McKay was joking more than ever, and making sure the local press broadcast his "game plan."

Said McKay for worldwide quotation: "We can't run inside on Notre Dame. Their tackles weigh 262 and 245 and nobody has blocked them yet. We'll have to run outside and pass." Over a huge steak that night McKay lifted his knife and fork, shrugged, and then said, "The condemned man ate a hearty meal."

The day before the game the Trojans acted as if they had already won. The players tore down photographs of Notre Dame stars that had been tacked to the walls of their locker room and took turns doing weird dances on them while circles of teammates sang, chanted, howled and clapped. "You know," said McKay in a corner, "if we knock these guys off I could probably become governor of Arkansas or Alabama [the only other undefeated, untied teams]. Well, just tell 'em to send money."

In between all of this, from Monday through Friday, McKay, his staff and his players had done a lot more than dance on the newspaper likeness of John Huarte, make fun of The Gipper and joke about the seemingly impossible task of trying to beat the nation's No. 1 team, USC, as a matter of fact, had mustered a plan that could just possibly succeed.

While McKay had told the press repeatedly that USC could not run inside on Notre Dame, he believed all along the Trojans could, and behind the locked gates of the practice field—even favored newsmen were barred—they worked on it. McKay, the strategist now and not the happy sacrificial lamb, explained his plan to the team: "They play a split 6 defense with those big tackles slanting in. Everybody has tried to double-team their tackles, and their linebackers have taken advantage of the hole that creates to slip in and do a good job. We'll block down on the tackles with just one man and pull our guard behind him to take the linebacker. Then our ballcarrier can follow another back into the hole. We ought to be able to gouge our men through. And if we can make our inside running go, we can make the punting go."

On defense USC's problem was equally severe. While the Trojans would be seeing more or less the very offense, a power I, that McKay invented for his 1962 champions, even the originator had to admit that Notre Dame's was more diversified. USC Scout Mel Hein's report on the Irish was the thickest—two inches—McKay had ever seen. Digesting it to useful size, McKay figured that

nobody could stop Notre Dame, but USC could slow down the strong side running, the screen pass and the deep pass. "We'll use a confusion rush," the coach said. "We'll loop our tackles outside, use criss-cross stunts and play a three-deep secondary—very deep."

The day of the game began huzzarely for the Trojans. At a 10 a.m. brunch Linebacker Ernie Pyle accidentally walked straight through the plate-glass window of a motel private dining room. The shattering of glass could have been heard for blocks, and the crash was followed by the slow, building noises of blended laughter and alarm. After making sure that Pyle was not sliced in half (he cut his heel and missed the game), McKay walked to a blackboard that had been set up for last-minute skull sessions, and in his usual good humor said, "O.K., fellows. Ernie's given us the idea for today. We've got to crash their glass."

Throughout the first half, the only thing that almost crashed was USC's scoreboard. Notre Dame built a 17-0 lead as John Huarte hit 11 of 13 passes for 176 yards and one touchdown—to Jack Snow, beyond McKay's very deep secondary. Parseghian's team looked as unstoppable as ever. USC, meanwhile, had hammered away on the ground, refusing to open up in McKay's customary style, moving the ball fairly well, but blowing its best drive by losing an errant pitchout.

For the more astute observer, however, one thing was as apparent as the 17-point deficit that USC faced. The Trojans were running inside on Notre Dame, luring its linebackers steadily toward the middle, making Parseghian's defense run-conscious. Remarkably calm at half time, McKay told his team, "Our game plan is working. Keep doing your stuff and we'll get some points." And to a friend, McKay said, "If we can get on the scoreboard quick, we can put some pressure on 'em. They've won nine games without any duress. If we can make this thing close, they might not know how to react."

In the second half USC's inside runs continued to work neatly. Mike Garrett, the Trojans' brilliant halfback, and Ron Heller time after time squeezed through the gaps created by the power blocks at the tackles. When Notre Dame adjusted its defense to USC's strong side, Craig Fertig hit Rod Sherman (seven times for 109 yards in all) over the middle and in

the opposite flat. And just as McKay had hoped they would, the Trojans had taken the second-half kickoff and drove to a quick touchdown that made it 17-7.

But it was not USC's sudden ability to score that shifted the momentum of the game, though it certainly helped. A Notre Dame fumble when the Irish had reached the USC nine later in the third quarter helped more. And a holding penalty nullifying another Notre Dame touchdown when Bill Wobski drove over from the one helped even more. The Trojans entered the last period 10 points behind but buoyed by the fact that somehow they and the Irish had managed to stop Notre Dame from scoring down close. Fertig thereupon struck for five completions, the last to End Fred Hill for a touchdown. The bristling 82-yard drive had left the Irish with only a 17-13 lead and their nerves quaking.

"I knew we had 'em then," said McKay later. "The momentum was all ours. In a situation like that the No. 1 rating is a fairly suffocating thing."

USC kicked off and for the second time that afternoon Huarte could not move his team for what would have been

precious, time-consuming yardage. Notre Dame was forced to punt, and USC's Garrett returned the ball 18 yards to the Irish 35. Now the giant clock below the Olympic torch on the Coliseum signaled that there were only two minutes and 10 seconds to go.

When Garrett failed to gain an inch at Notre Dame's fringe middle, Fertig called time. Then the quarterback—"the best pure passer in college football," says McKay—spotted Hill on a down-and-in pattern for 23 yards. First down on the Irish 17. Fertig called time again and then shot a flat pass to Garrett, which carried out of bounds on the 15. On the following play Fertig found Hill racing wide open in the end zone, and histered a pass toward him. The end made a diving grab that looked good, but an official ruled he was out of bounds on the catch. If USC considered the call debatable, it was no more so than the earlier holding penalty on Notre Dame that Ara Parseghian will have nightmares over for many a winter's night. When Fertig threw incomplete on third down, the Trojans' hopes sagged, but the senior quarterback had one more play left—a thing called 84-Z.

END



USC's swift Halfback Mike Garrett squeezed through the Notre Dame line for repeated gains.

FAST HANDS AND PURPLE LIGHTS

The hands belong to José Torres and by pounding stubborn old Bobo Olson down to a first-round defeat they began to restore the adulation José once enjoyed in the lurid glow of Harlem's nightspots by EDWIN SHRAKE

They came out of exit 43 at Madison Square Garden after the fight last Friday night and marched along 49th Street, and as they passed a hot-dog stand on the corner the counterwoman recognized the guy at the front of the parade and started jumping up and down in the window and shaking his fists as if that was the only way he could let them know how happy he was. José Torres stopped for a moment and grinned, watching the counterwoman, and then he led his crowd on toward the garage where Cain Young's Cadillac was waiting to take them to the party.

There were about 30 people scrambling along behind José Torres, and they were shouting that he was the champ and the king. There were women in leopard-skin coats and kids in leather jackets and a couple of men with dark glasses on. José was wearing his corduroy cap and his gray plaid overcoat and his green socks, and he felt like he was marching at the head of the parade again. "Oh, my, now he will never remember a girl named Ramona," said Ramona Torres, José's wife, who was having trouble keeping up. "I hate for him to fight, but I think if I am with him nothing bad can happen." Finally seven of them got into Cain Young's Cadillac and drove over to Toots Shor's. When José Torres walked into the bar people stood up and clapped. Some of them came over and hung around as if they wanted to touch him. "The last time I was in here," José said, "nobody knew who I was."

An hour earlier, when he had ducked through the ropes and walked to his corner of the ring at Madison Square Garden, it was still very much in doubt whether José Torres would want to go to any parties after the fight. Torres was a heavy favorite to beat Bobo Olson, but things had not gone well since Florentino Fernandez knocked out José last year, and people were saying he was no longer very interested in boxing.

In the beginning José was undefeated in his first 27 fights, winning 21 of them

by knockouts. He was the *jefe* of Spanish Harlem, and he thought he would be the middleweight champion. "I want to represent all the Puerto Ricans," he had said. "I know what I can mean to them." But his manager, Cus D'Amato, was involved with another fighter named Floyd Patterson and was feuding with the old International Boxing Club, which controlled Madison Square Garden. In the early days the Puerto Ricans would jam into the St. Nicholas Arena or Sunnyside Gardens when Torres fought, and they would dance in the aisles and shout "Matelo" which means "Kill him," and "Pecudo duro" which means "Hit him hard."

The only fight Torres did not win of those first 27 was one with the late Kid Paret in Puerto Rico in 1959. They drew. After that one there were stories that D'Amato thought Torres was not training properly. "José had rather be king of the stoops than champion of the world," one of his friends said. D'Amato got Torres fights in Buffalo and Utica but only one in New York. The championship fight did not come. For three fights in a row, José's purse was less than \$400.

Posing as a sportswriter for a Spanish-language New York newspaper, José phoned Middleweight Paul Pender and tried to drum up a Pender-Torres fight. Pender was agreeable, if the price was right, but Torres and D'Amato could not meet his price.

Then, in May 1963, Torres fought Fernandez. He tried to slug with him and went out in the fifth round, and they began saying José was finished as a fighter. He was 27 years old, and there did not seem to be any room at the top for him in the middleweight division, and after all those years of boxing José was broke.

But Cain Young, a Brooklyn real-estate man, hired Torres to do public-relations work. Young offered to put up \$75,000 last summer to get José a title fight with Joey Giardello. Giardello declined. Then Young offered to invest

\$10,000 toward getting José a fight with Bobo Olson, the No. 3 light-heavy-weight contender. In the meantime he had disposed of six middleweights. Torres built himself up to 170 pounds. He and Cain proposed a \$10,000 guarantee to Olson as independent contractors for the fight. Torres was to get 50% of the gate, but he could not draw a nickel until there was \$20,000 in the sale. Torres himself went out and sold 55,200 worth of tickets to the Olson fight. When he got into the ring Friday night, wearing a purple-and-orange silk robe, he knew it was going to be the most important fight of his life. The wild, adoring crowds that used to love him so openly were standing back a bit, warning, and the expression on José's face when he looked at Olson was very grim.

Olson came into the ring wearing a white terry-cloth robe, as if to say this was merely another payday. At the bell Olson came out slowly, with his hands high and the light rippling off the tattoos on his arms. Torres, lighting in a modified peekaboo stance something like the style of Patterson, stepped out and hit Olson twice with strong jabs in the first exchange. They circled a bit, and Olson hit Torres with a hook above the right eyebrow as D'Amato yelled for Torres to keep jabbing. Then José moved in and the punches came almost too fast to count them. Torres hit Olson with a left hook to the kidneys, a right cross to the jaw, a left hook to the jaw and a right uppercut to the jaw, and suddenly Olson looked as if the earth had shifted beneath his feet. Olson fell hard. He tried to get up, floundering on the floor of the ring with nothing in his eyes, and by the time the earth quit moving under him the fight was over. José Torres was leaping up and down with his arms in the air, much as the hot dog counterwoman did later, and Olson had been counted out at 2:51 of the first round.

"A professional fighter is not supposed to show the effect of a punch," José

said in his dressing room while he waited to hear what the gate had been. (It was \$24,000, and José earned only \$2,000.) "But when I hit him in the kidney I saw in his eyes that it hurt him, and then I hit him bing bing bing bing without missing a punch. I almost missed the last one, the uppercut, because he was on his way down." D'Amato, who waited outside the dressing room and then hugged José when he came out, said Torres hit Olson six times in two-fifths of a second. "No, it was just three and a half times," José said laughing, and they all went out onto 49th Street and found Cain Young's car and drove over to Shor's, where Torres had an appointment with Norman Mailer, the author who likes to spar at parties. "Did you hear what Olson said?" asked José. "I told him I had caught him cold, so soon in the first round like that, and he said, 'You got fast hands. I never saw such fast hands.'"

Torres stayed in Shor's for a while, sitting at a long table in the back room, and then he got up to go to a party in

Spanish Harlem, and he saw Olson sitting across the room. "What should I say to him?" José asked. "He was my idol. I feel like I ought to say something to him, but I wouldn't be telling the truth if I told him I was sorry I beat him." Somebody suggested that José wait until his friends were outside and then go back alone and tell Olson good luck and that he is a good man. José did it and then came out of Shor's and got into Cain Young's Cadillac again. "I told him," said José. "And he told me I have fast hands."

At the Club Cohorrogono, at 145th Street and Broadway, it was like any other Friday night. The big dance floor upstairs was packed, and there were violet lights on the pillars and the band was loud. They grabbed José and took him up to the stage, and the master of ceremonies demanded silence. A few years ago he would have got it. But Friday night only 50 or so people came over in front of the bandstand to applaud Jose Torres. Hundreds of others stayed at their tables or stood back on the dance

floor in the murky, smoky hallroom and talked and waited impatiently for the music to commence again.

"My son," said Andres Torres, José's father, who had come from Ponce, P.R., for the fight, "he should be the champion already. The people should be listening to him like they did in the old days. They will. You will see. He will be the light heavyweight champion. Cus D'Amato, he is a man with a good heart. But he did not let my son light enough, and it has taken us a very long time to get this far, and we still do not have the championship yet."

José's chance may be at hand, however. Last week Light Heavyweight Champion Willie Pastrano promised a title bout for the winner of the Torres-Olson fight.

"José has class," Cain Young said. "You could see he has class. I think maybe I wish Jose could have fought Olson a little longer so everybody could see how much class José has."

"No, no," said Jose. "One round is long enough to fight."

END

Demonstrating his peekaboo posture, Torres, with brother Andres Jr., shortly after surprisingly swift knockout of Light Heavyweight Olson.



VINTAGE YEAR FOR PRO ROOKIES

In ordinary years rookies of the National Football League are the promise of tomorrow, not the fulfillment of today. But by last week it was clear that this season's rookie runners and receivers were an extravagantly gifted lot. They had taken the play away from the old-timers, and in some cases even the outcome of the conference races was dependent on last year's college boys.

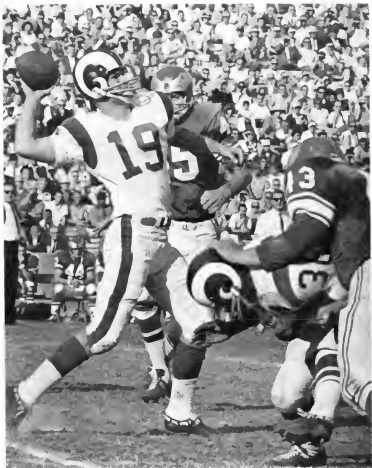
Such players as Baltimore's Tony Lorick, Cleveland's Paul Warfield and Los Angeles' Bucky Pope were making dolts out of the old pros whose axiom has always been: "You can't win with rookies." Like the Médoc winegrowers of France, the owners and coaches of NFL teams knew for certain that the 1964 crop was the best in a good many years—if not the best ever.



TONY LORICK: Although Lorick did not become a slyer for the Colts until the middle of October, he already has gained 476 yards, averaging 5.3 yards a carry. He also is a bull of a blocker. "This kid loves to hit!" Coach Don Shula says. "When he hits, he smiles."

DAVE PARKS: Most pro football people were astonished last year when the others drafted Dave Parks, an end from Texas Tech. Tight- and split-end positions seemed strongly occupied. But the scouting report on Parks was valid: "He has the hands and he's fast."





BILL MUNSON: "Nothing bothers Munson says the Rams' offensive coach Ray Watsche. "He just gets cooler and cooler. Early in the season, when starting quarterback Roman Gabriel was hurt, Munson, fresh from Utah State, took over, played like a five-year man."

CONTINUED



CHARLEY TAYLOR: Washington's first draft choice, who played ball at Arizona State with Tony Lorick, probably is the best of them all. The usually unemotional Redskins fans wildly cheer his running. He could be one of the future greats.

PAUL WARFIELD: For Ohio State, Warfield had been a halfback, but Cleveland turned him into a pass receiver. Coach Blanton Collier knew what he was doing. Warfield has caught 41 passes, eight of them for touchdowns, for 756 yards.





LESTER JOSEPHSON: A stand-out blocker, this 210-pound back has power and speed. He played for tiny Augustana College in Sioux Falls, S. Dak. The Vikings tried to get him. The Cowboys got him, but traded him to the rookie-led Rams.

BUCKY POPE: The Rams are pleased—and, delighted—by the way Pope has turned out. Elroy Hirsch acquired the former Celewaka basketball forward and, on Hirsch's insistence, Pope was drafted eighth. He has caught nine touchdown passes.





There is an air of uncertainty about this season all over the country. Because the collegiate roster is bursting with good teams, hardly a conference race can be predicted with confidence, let alone the NCAA championship. No doubts exist on one count, however: the finest player in sneakers leads the forces of a most unlikely campus

BY FRANK DEFORD

An Ivy Leaguer Is the Best

If you look at all of him squarely, Bill Bradley seems too good—and too much—to be true. He is the best college basketball player in the world (he won an Olympic gold medal and was the best on the U.S. team in Tokyo); he is studious, religious, ambitious, popular and respected by his peers; he is trustworthy, loyal, helpful, courteous—he is, in short, Jack Armstrong and might also be Horatio Alger, except for the fact that his father is a bank president and is paying for Bill's room, board and tuition at Princeton.

Fortunately—you have to look hard for a flaw—the quirk of a permanently arched left eyebrow gives him a mischievous, almost Satanic, appearance, but that, too, is quickly disputed by the sober, purposeful eyes, far more accurate gauges of this young man's personality. Bradley is dark, angularly strong, with a few more than 200 pounds on a lithe 6-foot-5 frame. His smile from out of the opposite page truly reflects his warmth, though he can hardly be called the happy-go-lucky type. But it does belie his rigorous determination and self-discipline. Bradley insists that he is not a natural athlete. Without detracting from the immense effort he has put into basketball, few observers would agree with this estimate. It probably is true that his more modest academic success is the result of hard work rather than natural aptitude. Any Princeton student

will tell you that a man who studies as much as Bradley does should be better than a B student—even if that would be A at most other schools.

Despite the fact that Bradley and Princeton got along marvelously, there is still mild astonishment that the best player in the country should be matriculating at Old Nassau, an institution which has produced twice as many presidents as basketball All-Americans, i.e. James Madison, Woodrow Wilson and William Warren Bradley. But there are certainly no regrets on Bradley's part about his choice of college. He picked Princeton in the 11th hour, leaving Ouke at the very altar and about 60 other schools and their coaches on the road to the church. All had been attracted by a high school career in Crystal City, Mo. that included 3,066 points and two years of prep All-America. One of the losing coaches said scurly that Bradley could have been the greatest college player ever, but performing in the relative obscurity of the Ivy League would deprive him of that chance.

It has worked out, of course, in reverse. The novelty of having such an athlete performing in the shadows of ivy-walled Nassau Hall—without a grant-in-aid, without ersatz courses of study—has only enhanced Bradley's reputation. In the unique setting of the Olympic trials, where all of the best amateur players are thrown against each other

continued

in direct competition, without the support of familiar teammates. Bradley was the only undergraduate selected. Further, he had to make the team as a guard, after playing almost exclusively as a forward for Princeton, because the coaches thought he was too small for the forecourt in this competition. When they discovered they were wrong, he went back to forward and became the most valuable player on the winning U.S. team.

At Princeton, Bradley blends in easily though, basketball aside, he is still not a typical undergraduate—he is more serious and less blasé than most. He plays basketball with an air of nonchalance, however, and is treated with roughly that attitude on campus. This delights him. He enjoys contrasting his reception after the Olympics with the full-blown parade that the town of Princeton gave its gold-medal winner, Diver Leslie Bush. "I flew back," he says, "and took a bus from New York and finally got to Princeton about 9 one morning. Thirty straight hours of travel. There was nobody to meet me. I just walked down to my room. A few people said hello or welcome back, but that was about it."

Actually, Princeton does take a pridelike interest in its All-America—in its own fashion—and Bradley has had something of a lasting effect on the school. When he arrived,

games at snug little Dillon Gym (2,600 roll-out seats) were characterized by the atmosphere of a public hanging. Students showed up mostly to take out their wintertime frustrations on opponents. On one notable weekend the visiting Harvard captain was driven into fighting with some of his tormentors on Friday night, and on Saturday night the Dartmouth players were pelted with rubber-band-propelled paper clips. An appeal by the coach and captain during Bradley's sophomore year helped, but it was more his regal presence on the floor that finally brought an urbane attitude to basketball watching. "It's like—well, I don't think you could chuck garbage at anyone on stage when Cusumano's up there too," an undergraduate explains.

Selloffs at Dillon were common enough, but after Bradley started playing, basketball seating had to be restricted on the same basis as football. About 440 extra (and bad) seats will be crammed in this year, but still only students, faculty, a few alumni and opponents will be able to get in. It is no coincidence that Princeton has finally become serious about building a much larger indoor athletics complex. Plans are being speeded for a new arena that will seat upward of 7,000.

But Princeton students hold Bradley's basketball skill less in awe than they do his prodigious purpose. He studies in virtually all of his free time and seldom gets more than six hours' sleep. Before one game last winter, when he was completing an important history department paper on nationalism in the U.S. after World War I, he trained with four straight nights of about two hours' sleep each. His teammates say that he plays so well on the road simply because travel keeps him away from Ivesstone Library and obliges him to sleep more. Two hours before every home game he goes back to his room in Dodge-Osborn Hall and is able to doze right off for a 40-minute nap. "Well, you know, I'm so tired, it's not hard," he says. He is so conscientious that he has been known to ask roommates to wake him up from a nap at, say, 5:27 instead of 5:30. To save other minutes he takes many of his meals at the student union, which is several hundred yards closer to the library than his eating club, Cottage.

Bradley lives—after the library closes at midnight—with five roommates. The only other basketball player among them, Bill Kingston, is perhaps as close to him as anyone. "Getting to know Bill has been worth the four years here," Kingston says. "But always, I just wish he could be more outgoing." Donald Mathews, a young instructor who was Bradley's advisor last year and became a friend as much as a teacher, says "He comes to generalizations humbly. I think Bill is becoming more mellow, but he will never shoot the breeze, as it were, without having done some studying on the subject."

Bradley is restrained intentionally, because of the special pressures upon him—he says things like, "No one has to know my motives," and "I don't have to wear my heart on my sleeve"—but he is also naturally reticent. "Of course," teammate Ed Steube says, "it would be nice to have Bill loosen up, but then, you see, it wouldn't be Bill Bradley."

Bradley does find the time for an occasional party, to stomp out a little rock 'n' roll and to see some musical comedies. He is socially popular, not through wit or special grace, but because he is genuinely interested in others. Conversely, the vast amount of public interest in Bill Bradley



Bradley (No. 5) defends against Russia's Korneyev in Olympics finale

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often confuses and disconcerts him, especially the talk that he "made good on his own" despite family affluence. Failing out Princeton's standard athletic forms in his freshman year, he identified his father as "banker." On the same form, as a sophomore, he changed that to read, "works on bank." As a junior, he just left the "Parent's Occupation" entry blank.

Bradley toured Europe after his senior year in high school, so he was not exactly fresh off the Midwest front porch when he arrived at Princeton. He is not naive about the challenges he faces, but neither have his schoolboy precepts been altered very much. In his room at Princeton a few days ago, he said: "If the time ever comes when I can't cry sometimes or can't jump up and down and get really excited or get moved to the point of hills, then I've changed and I'll know it. But just because I am an All-American, that doesn't mean my opinions have changed. I hope I have matured but—and I don't mean this literally, of course; not out of context—but I guess I'm still the same boy from a small town in Missouri."

Coming from a small town named Crystal City seems almost too perfect for an All-American, and the fact that Bradley is not already being called the Crystal City Kid or something similar is a pretty good indication that he is not colorful. He sure isn't. And because he is so uniformly excellent that no facet of his game stands out, it is even difficult at first to tell how good he is on the court. In high school and at Princeton, for instance, he has had to be the big shooter, and he has averaged 30 points per game in college. Yet when he played an exhibition game against Baltimore with the Olympic team, the Bullets' Bailey Howell qualified his praise to say: "He didn't seem to even look for shots." Only once—when he scored 31 against Dartmouth last winter—has he ever deliberately tried to push his own point total. He had tied his Ivy record of 49 in the game, and the fans cried for more. "I just took three shots to make two points," he says, "so I could get out of there." It is a good guess that he will not score as much this year for Princeton, since the team has picked up more talent.

On the Olympic team, where scorers abounded, he was content to be more of a playmaker, though with his diverse skills he was actually an all-court esta-

continued

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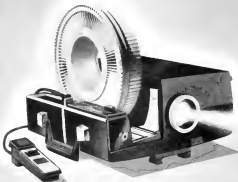
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Bradley continued

lyst, sparking every phase of team play. Significantly, he played much more than any other American. "He just seems to know what to do, when to do it and how to get it done," says Alex Hannum, the San Francisco Warrior coach.

Bradley was the only U.S. player smart and flexible enough to convert his style to take advantage of the international rules, which so favor an aggressive offense. He drew many more fouls than his teammates by driving far more than he normally does. And his foul-shooting is already legendary; once he hit 58 in a row. With meticulous practice he has developed just about every shot. He can hook as well as jump-shoot or drive. He is equally adept at going to his left or right and shoots with either hand. Cincinnati Royal Coach Jack McMahon recalls when Bradley was a high school junior: "He went to Ed Macauley's basketball camp. He had hurt his right arm, but he went down there anyway, and Ed said, 'Just practice with your left hand.' So he hit nine of 10 free throws left-handed."

Bradley is not a spectacular jumper, but he gets good position. He is not exceptionally fast either, but he has quick hands, and when he gets loose on a break, his loping, cutting strides make him appear as fast as anyone. He can improve his accuracy from a distance, and he probably will if he decides to turn pro. At Princeton, his dedication to scholarship has restricted his basketball practice, but he has been almost fanatically faithful to the game ever since he was reprimanded for missing a session when he was 12 years old. This was hardly the result of even minor delinquency, however—he had passed up the practice for a boy-scout meeting. (Similarly, the story goes, the only time he was heard to curse was when he muttered "damn it" as he rushed from his room—late—to teach Sunday school.)

But of all his accomplishments, it is most typical that Bradley has now vastly improved the two elements of his game once considered weakest. Princeton Coach Bill van Breda Kolff noted immediately upon his star's return from Japan that he was much better off the boards: "He's no longer an Ivy League rebounder." Some observers have insisted that he was not sufficiently aggressive overall; but the pros he played against as an Olympian do not agree. "When he puts a block on you, he lets you know it,"

continued



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Bradley

says Tom Hawkins of the Royals.

Even more significant is Bradley's spectacular improvement on defense. When he came to Princeton he was like many high school stars whose coaches have shielded them from heavy defensive chores in order to keep them out of foul trouble. Van Breda Kolff schooled him thoroughly and made him guard the opponents' toughest men. Jack McMahon says, "I knew about Bradley's offense, and I knew his versatility. I know at Princeton he has to score. But what impressed me when he played against the Royals was that he was so aggressive on defense." The highest accolade of all, however, comes from Hank Iba, the Olympic coach who is a fanatic on this aspect of the game. He names Bradley as the U.S. team's best defender.

Bradley is, then, a complete player. And a winner, too. He has led Princeton to two Ivy titles, and this year the Tigers should breeze to a third. He has already gathered in every honor this side of Miss Teenage America. His own highest sports goal was to make the Olympics, and having played so magnificently in Tokyo, he may indeed find it difficult to be stimulated in his last college season. As a pro, though, Bradley would have much more of a challenge than just living up to his reputation. At his height, in the NBA, he is pegged as too small for a forward, and too big—or, rather, too slow—for a guard. Says Ed Macauley, a St. Louisan who has known Bradley since high school, "I think Bill will have to be a guard in the pros, and if he is, he will have to make a major adjustment. He can do everything—shoot, pass, dribble and play defense. But until he does make the adjustment in style there must be at least some reservations about him."

Harry Gallatin, on the other hand, has hardly any doubts about Bradley's future. The St. Louis Hawks coach feels that he can star as a swing man, playing the way John Havlicek has done. "Bill probably will spend a majority of his time as a guard and he will have his problems," Gallatin says, "but his assets will more than make up for any trouble he might have with the smaller backcourt men."

Speculation about Bradley's ability to play pro basketball is, however, somewhat moot. He is not so sure that he will try it. "If I wanted to prove myself and I knew I had the desire to continue,

continued



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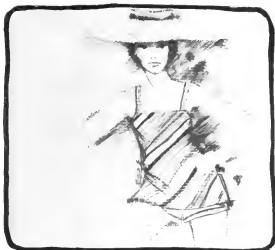
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Bradley

"I'm sure I would," he says. "But right now, there are too many alternatives. I don't need basketball competition. The attitude is what is important, and I've gotten that out of the game already. I love the game. It's part of me. I don't think, however, that it's an inseparable—there ought to be a better word—oh, well, an inseparable part of me. At one time I thought I couldn't live unless I played baseball, and I gave that up."

Bradley is considering six alternatives to the pros. Some of them are admittedly smoke screens. "I say some of this to confuse people, it's still my business"—but he is obviously interested in both law school and study abroad. The other possibilities are the ministry, government work, business and the Air Force. His future is likely to remain indefinite for a while because Bradley, right now, is more concerned with the present, and particularly with his thesis, which is a major part of a Princeton senior's grade. His topic is "The 1940 Senatorial Campaign in Missouri," and he did a great deal of work on it over the summer at the Library of Congress when he was in Washington. (He split the rest of his time between helping in Governor Scranton's campaign and practicing for the Olympics.) Bradley has personally interviewed one of the losers of that 1940 campaign and hopes to meet with the winner when he gets a Christmas break from basketball. The winner maintains a library in Independence, Mo. Bradley is also an eager public speaker—he virtually solicits engagements from youth groups—and because of his forensic aptitude and his qualities of leadership, it has been suggested that he already has his dark eyes on that Senate seat he is now writing about.

One usually levelheaded New York journalist has asked Bradley "seriously—if he would like to be President. Bill dismisses such talk as foolishness and insists it would be presumptuous even to answer the question. But they are going to be writing about this young man for years to come—and not just about the way he dribbles a basketball.

"He is a Christian the best way he can be, through the rigors of Calvinism," Donald Matthews says, trying to explain him. "He's never going to lose. Bill is always going to come back. Do you know?" He smiled and paused. "Do you know just how hard it is to defeat a 16th century Puritan?"

END

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Why do basketball coaches behave the way Jack Ramsay of St. Joseph's is behaving on the opposite page? Why don't they act decorously, like those junior-executive types, the football coaches, who walk up and down the sidelines wearing snap-brim fedoras and carrying clipboards? Or like baseball managers, who mostly sit quietly in the dugout, flashing signals to their players but displaying no trace of inner turbulence? Are basketball coaches less gentlemanly fellows than their colleagues in other sports? Of course not. The trouble with basketball coaches is that they have better seats for their games than football coaches or baseball managers do. They are just too close to keep quiet. Johnny Keane wigwags signals from the dugout, and Vince Lombardi sends in subs with messages from the sidelines because their players could not hear them if they hollered bloody murder. Basketball coaches, however, can easily yell at their players—and, unfortunately, at officials, too—when they want to switch tactics or just give encouragement. But it's all part of the color of the game, as shown on the following pages.

Cry Havoc from the Bench



adelph Rupp has mellowed. No longer is he the ear-blistening terror of referees, the artful inciter of partisan Kentucky boos and cheers—well, not in the old Baalal manner, anyway. But he can still rise for a mellow bellow when he is unhappy about a call





Bones Lapchick of St. John's (left) loses 20 pounds every season. "My guts are up in my neck every game," he says. "When it starts I feel as if I'm going to black out." Once he did just that. At Wake Forest, Bones McKinney (below) confesses "I'm just a cheerleader at heart." Bones throws towels, tears off tie and jacket, screams and does yips. "Sometimes I hate myself for those antics," he says.





When Ralph Miller was at Wichita in the Missouri Valley Conference last year, he could ring a buzzer when he wanted to argue with the referee. At Iowa in the Big Ten now, all he can do is charge up and down the sidelines. One sure thing: he won't be sitting on the bench.

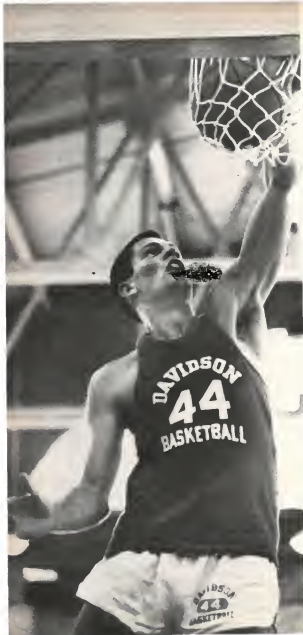
As the first of ten thousand basketballs swishes through the cords in anger this week, signaling the start of the four-month college season, Sports Illustrated selects the 20 best teams and, on page 73, notes others that may surprise

1 **DAVIDSON** For decades the end product at quiet, leafy old Davidson College has been a species called the Davidson Gentlemen—hand-polished Southerners of good manners and great learning. The ivy on Davidson's walls is the real stuff; the Rhodes people come there looking for scholars (they have found 14, a remarkable figure for a 1,000-man student body); 70% of the faculty members are doctors of something or other, and it is the last place one would expect to find the best basketball team in the country. But there it is: the fastest, fairest band of educated ruffians around, coached by Charles G. (Lefty) Driesell. Davidson once settled for moral victories (having played the game, after all, like gentlemen), but Lefty will have none of it. "A moral victory," he has scrawled on a raggedy poster over the dressing-room door, "is like kissing your sister." Instead, he demands and gets hard-nosed basketball, a fast-break-first-then-wait-for-the-shot style that last season enabled Davidson to crack the alltime NCAA shooting record by hitting 54.6% from the floor. Four of Driesell's top men are back—the fifth, Captain Terry Holland, is back too, but as a coach—and there are three scholarly marksmen waiting in line for the one open spot on the team. All-American Center Fred Hetzel spent his vacation touring Europe by motorcycle, and the thought of his 6-foot-8, 230-pounder hunched over a bike gave Lefty the jitters all summer. But Hetzel returned—despite one smashup—to resume shooting in line for the average of 27.3 points per game and grabbing rebounds at an average of 13.5 per game. Circling the big man will be familiar teammates Barry Teague, who directs all the action and whose only liability is his 5-foot-11 height, and Don Davidson and Dick Snyder at the forwards, who are both 6 feet 5 and who averaged 29.2 between them. The open spot at guard will go to Charlie Marcon, a 6-foot-3 senior

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who played a fierce reserve last season. Two spare forwards, Paul Briggs, 6 feet 5, and Ronnie Stone, 6 feet 3, make up the top of the ready reserves. Of the seven, Hetzel inside and Don Davidson outside should outshoot everyone in the Southland again. Davidson's only fault last year was a tendency to stage fright in tournament play, a problem experience has now solved.

2 MICHIGAN Like other squads farther down the list, this one resembles a football lineup in physical statistics. The only new starter, Guard John Thompson, measures in as the runt of the litter at 6 feet 3, 170 pounds; the rest go up from 6 feet 5 and 200. Each of the four holdovers pulled down at least 200 rebounds last season—a tribute to tenacious shot pursuit and blocking out, because Michigan is hardly the nation's fastest team. No one is likely to outrebound these Wolverines; to beat them, the other team will have to shoot better and more often, and that will not be easy. Michigan's shooting percentage last year was .470, and its scoring average per game 86.4. The off nights and brief stretches of complete collapse last season may have been caused by inexperience, the toughest problem this year will be the schedule, particularly within the Big Ten, which is packed with good teams. Michigan meets two of the better ones—Indiana and Northwestern—only on the road, while its sturdiest competitor, Minnesota, plays them at home. Michigan must win the Big Ten outright to get a chance at the national title. In case of a tie, under an odd conference rule, the team that has more recently represented the Big Ten does not go to the NCAA. But Michigan should need that excuse only if All-America Cazzie Russell's ankle, which he hurt late last season, continues to restrict him. In practice it has not bothered Russell, though he still limps a bit after a rest period. Russell is an enthusiastic young man with a 24.8 average who can do almost anything on the court, and is often compared to Oscar Robertson. Thompson, the other guard, is a steady performer but will

All-America as a junior, a fine shooter and rebounder. Fred Hetzel leads the No. 1 team.

have competition from George Pomes and John Lawson, who can swing in to forward, and sophomore Dennis Bankes. At center Bill Buntin (23.2, 338 total rebounds) is a smart player with a line second effort and a good touch out to the foul line. The forwards are well balanced. Captain Larry Tregoning can rebound and shoot at given time, which he will get from defenses that sag onto Buntin and keep an eye out for Russell. But Tregoning is most valuable for his defensive ability. Oliver Darden, 6 feet 7, 220, was considered an even better rebounder than Buntin by some of Michigan's opponents. Pomesy, 6-foot-8 Jim Myers and 6-foot-10 sophomore Center Craig Dill give Coach Dave Strack a utility front line that would start almost everywhere else. This Michigan team has created such interest that for the first time students will have to pay \$10 to watch games. It will be a heck of a sell.

3 UCLA Last year the Bruins were a near-perfect team, the abilities of the players meshing like the gears of a Ferrari. Any losses in personnel would have ruined UCLA's balance, and the talents of Jack Hirsch or Fred Slaughter will be missed as much as those of Walt Hazzard. Nevertheless the talent left behind and the talent arriving is quite ample. It will make an altogether new UCLA team and a good one. Coach of the Year John Wooden has only two starters back—Guard Carl Goodrich and Forward Keith Erickson. But juniors Ken-
in Washington, a springboard forward, and Center Doug McIntosh were the sixth and seventh men on a seven-man team, and both played larger roles as the season wore on. And there is Edgar Lacey, the 6-foot-6 191-pound rebounder, considered by many the best sophomore in the country, and Guard Fred Gross, who sat out last season. Before his vacation Gross was often rated the equal of Goodrich and Goodrich is worthy of All-America mention. Gross is not the playmaker Hazzard was, but he is almost as quick and a better shot. Goodrich—"Twig"—to his teammates—has gained about 15 pounds (to 170), and the extra weight seems to have given him more drive and range. After these two, Wooden is short at guard and, if forced, must bring Washington

and the Buckleup. Erickson, a little ball (5-foot-10) with the team's leading rebounder and one fine defender, has won the anchor spot on the frontcourt press. Wooden has not decided whether current personnel will permit him to use the press, but out offense the Bruins will run. Wooden is from Indiana, and they run in Indiana. This team has the beard power with the addition of Lacey to rely on repeated breaks. Lacey averaged 19 rebounds and 22.9 points with the freshmen, though he is no threat away from the basket. He is not the only bright sophomore prospect. In fact, 6-foot-7 Center Mike Lynn could beat McIntosh out. Freshmen will be pointing for the Bruins and their 30-game win streak, trouble could come in the opener at Illinois this week.

4 KANSAS These have not been happy years for Kansas, a school with a basketball heritage of 66 seasons and 899 victories. Dick Harp took over as coach in 1957 to find the excellence in the state expected and sophomore Walt Chamberlain won the national championship. The Jaycocks finished second, and it was considered a disgrace. Then the record dropped to 32-43 for the last three seasons. Last year, which averaged 15,000 in 1957, was down to less than 5,000, a grand disaster. Finally Harp resigned, and his assistant, Ted Owens stepped up. Owens has tried to have a fresh start on the glories of the past. Kansas lockers have been painted with the names of past Jayhawk greats and photo mats proclaim scenes of old triumphs. Compared to his predecessors Owens is lucky; there are no illusions about the national supremacy of this team. But with a powerful front line featuring George Luskid, a 6-foot-7 senior, and Walt Wesley, a 6-foot-11 junior, Owens has inherited what looks like the best team in the Big Eight. Wesley, only 19, is burdened with some faults—he plays too erect, drops his hands on defense, lacks a second effort—but he is an eager learner and is slow. In correcting these deficiencies, he scored 32 points against Kansas State in his final game last year. Luskid, who averaged 18.4, is also working hard to improve himself. In the past he has tended to this, but Owens believes that this was caused by excess weight.

Luskid is 24 pounds lighter than last year, a 240, and looks fit. Ringside estimates a 6-foot-5 junior who missed most of the 1963-64 season because of a knee operation, is well again and is set on the other forward, but he will not watch sophomore Rod Traylor, whose defense and ball-handling defences are forgiven as soon as he starts shooting. Guards Del Lewis and Dave Schlichte did not score much but were instrumental in something of a closing rush that Kansas mounted late last year. Even so Schlichte seems to have lost his job to 6-foot-5 Al Lopes, a converted forward in from Cullcuttville Junior College. Lewis, a good leader, has an outside shot that might take some of the pressure off the big men. The backcourt's lack of speed will hurt. Owens plans to have his men pick up opponents three or four steps farther out than has been their custom, but they are not quick enough in recovery to gamble too much on defense. Hopefully, the big men will be there if anyone slips through, and Kansas should be able to handle almost anyone on the boards.

5 DUKE The stress is on strength this season at Duke, and many of the Blue Devils, in street clothes, could pass as prize fighters. To make matters worse for the rest of the Atlantic Coast Conference, Coach Vic Bullock has not been forced to sacrifice mobility for muscle in practice; the team has been playing the brand of ball that prompts 6-foot-7 senior Brent Kitching to show up wearing a boxer's mouthpiece. Even senior Haskell (Hack) Hixon, who rises to a whiplike 6-foot-10, has eight new pounds, added by lifting weights. The overall effect is one of power on every play. There is firm purpose behind it all. Duke has been in the top 10 the last five years and the almost winner of the NCAA title, for two seasons, and this year Bullock wants to go the whole distance. Stripped of last year's leaders by graduation he is designing a new Duke around Center Trison and is surrounding him with strong men. The two 6-foot-6 string forwards, sophomore Bob Rreds and junior Jack Moran, jointly weigh 410 pounds and run a mean front line. Both will double at center, too, and Kitching will back

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them up at 210 pounds, mouth guard and all. Stocking the backcourt are Pennsylvania imports Denny Ferguson (6 feet), Steve Vacendak (6 feet 1) and Ron Herberger (6 feet 2), plus New Jersey sophomore Bob Verga (6 feet). It is possible Duke runs the most rugged offense south of the NBA. The team employs a pro-style attack: plays start in set patterns and end up with everybody free-lancing. Tison plays center in the George Mikan tradition, with his back to the basket while the action swirls around him, clapping his hands for the ball and clearing a path on all sides by wriggling his backside. All this will bring many baskets, but Duke's weakness in rebounding may offset that edge. In the Atlantic Coast Conference the whole season is decided in a three-day March tournament, and Duke's enormous advantage here is *posse*. The Blue Devils seldom lose conference tournaments. It may be subliminal but part of that *posse* comes from Duke's dressing room: the team brings its own player and rock 'n' roll records to suit up by. The last time Bulbas listened in, the Muscles were singing something that sounded like, "We're on our way to the NCAA, yeah, yeah, yeah."

6 **SAN FRANCISCO** When the Dons' coach, Peter Peletta, arrived at USF four years ago he lived the first three months at an undertaker's. One day he commanded a hearse to take him to the airport, and the driver went directly to a graveyard. "This thing steers itself," he apologized. But Peletta made the plane, and things at USF have been up ever since. The Dons have won two straight Western Athletic Conference titles and are being led toward a third by a genuine All-America in Center Olle Johnson. They have minimal conference competition, and the differences between them and UCLA and Seattle are so small that any one of the three could win in the West without a surprise. Last year USF ran off 19 straight; in the loss to UCLA that broke the string a couple of pairs of tonsils were as responsible as anything else. The tonsils are gone,

Already a pro-type guard Gazzie Russell is the sparkplug of tough, experienced Wolverines



but the owners thereof—6-foot-9 Erwin Mueller and 6-foot-6 Joe Ellis—are back. The tonsils had greatly hampered their breathing, and both tired desperately against UCLA after USF had gone ahead by as much as 13 points. Ellis and Mueller, juniors now, were worked into the starting lineup at just about the time the team started clicking, and they give topflight help to Johnson. Ellis, so graceful, is quick enough to handle the small guards on defense and is tough enough to move up front and fight off the boards. Mueller, another superb defender, will start at one forward and Dick Brainard, a 6-foot-4 senior, will be at the other. Reliable if unspectacular, Brainard is a good shot. Most of the Dons are. The team was fifth in the country at .483 last year. Only one soph has made the squad and only two regulars were lost, so the players have no problems with familiarity of style. The big concern must be with depth up front; Ellis is so good at moving the ball that he cannot be released for fulltime forecourt work. He will team in the backcourt with 6-foot-2 Russ Gumina, who had to be rushed along last year as a sophomore, but should be smoother as a junior. Senior Huey Thomas has speed and may get the call against opponents who like to run. The one sophomore, Larry Blum, could pass and shoot his way right onto the first string before too long. Blum is only 5 feet 11 but he can shoot—he broke Bill Russell's freshman record—and he has both the eyes and the hands of a passer. Johnson was fifth in the nation in shooting percentage and 10th in rebounds, and opponents will have to concentrate on him. When they do, it should open things up for Ellis and Mueller. These fellows are not going to drive Peletta to a graveyard.

7 **NOTRE DAME** It is impossible to ignore the similarities between Notre Dame's new football and basketball coaches. Ara Parseghian and Johnny Dee are both 40, each has a wife and three kids and, says Dee: "We were both better basketball than football players." A lawyer who has coached winners in college, AAU and pro ball, Dee inherits a losing (10-14) team and still has the courage to say in advance that "basketball is 80% coaching." Fortunately, as Parseghian

did, Dee picks up a losing team that is chock-full of potential. The Irish had it last year, too, but the former sophomore stars suffered a junior letdown. Now they are seniors and, hopefully, ready to go again. What killed Notre Dame last season was, first of all, slovenly defense—opponents averaged 83.9 and topped 100 five times—plus sloppy ball-handling and inconsistent rebounding. The last was true despite the fact that 6-foot-6 Ron Reed and 6-foot-9 Walt Sahm each picked off 17 rebounds a game, to rank sixth and seventh in the nation. Dee figures to improve the defense, in one way, simply by disciplining the offense. The Irish will do no free-lancing but will stick to 16 basic plays. The shooters, led by Larry Sheffield (22.3 average) and Reed (20.0), are there, and if the defensive rebounding holds up, the Irish will run, run, run like the Gingerbread Boy. With junior Bucky McGinn taking over much of the playmaking, Sheffield should be able to get off his dependable jump shot more often. He has the good moves, and so does Reed. At times Reed may switch to a high post and send the rugged Sahm to a corner. McGinn, 6 feet 2, may also move into the high pivot. Jay Miller will be in one corner except when McGinn goes into a post. Then Reed and Sahm will work the corners. Sahm is also a scorer, though on this team his 17.4 average was only third-best last year. These combinations, Dee thinks, make eight men out of his top five, and he has plenty of reserves. "This team," he says, "is pretty close, physically, to what I consider ideal."

8 **KENTUCKY** Adolph Rupp says he was particularly "distressed" when the Kentucky football team collapsed early and got people thinking about basketball so soon. Not much sympathy is indicated—Rupp always sings the blues in November. His smallish Wildcats are talented, and the 11,666 people who months ago bought out Memorial Coliseum for the season should see another contending Southeastern Conference team. Though once again Kentucky goes to war without a big center, the assets of this squad conjure up images of past championship teams. Every good Rupp team has been built around strong, quick

guards, and he's got them again. Tommy Kron, a 6-foot-5 junior, will handle one backcourt spot unless frontline deficiencies force Rupp to move him there. Kron probably will team with senior Terry Mobley, who is a hefty 6 feet 2. Mobley has to beat out Randy Embry, and though Embry is the better shot, he is only 5 feet 11, so Mobley's size and his ball-handling ability are likely to win him the position. Then there is Louie Dampier, a 6-foot sophomore who is being compared to Ralph Beard. Deadeye out to the circle—he hit 50% with the frosh for 26.7 per game—Dampier could force his way into the starting lineup by midseason. With Cotton Nash and Ted Deeken gone, the attack should be more fluid, as it was in those years when the guards played the key roles. But 6-foot-6 Center John Adams still has an important part to play, especially on the boards, and if he does not continue the improvement he began to show toward the end of last season, Rupp will have a serious problem. He will have to bring Larry Conley into the pivot, and Conley is only 6 feet 3. With Adams at center, Conley will play forward, where he is best suited. He and Pat Riley make the corners as strong as the guard positions. A 6-foot-3 sophomore, Riley is from Schenectady, N.Y., where he came within four points of Barry Kramer's career scoring record—and he can rebound, too. Another sophomore, a 6-foot-2 leaper named Gene Stewart, will fill in up front. Despite a significant increase in team speed, the defense does not yet appear as sharp as that of past seasons. Kentucky will return to a man-to-man defense, basically, this year but will use a 1-3-1 zone on occasion. Last season, after resisting for 33 years, Rupp finally tried the zone. Evidently he wasn't completely satisfied with the results.

9 **MINNESOTA** For decades Minnesotans stocked their state university's basketball roster with muscular plodders fresh out of the 10,000 lakes. But they finally have given up and are recruiting out of state. The result is that for the first time since 1937, when Coach John Kundla was himself the star, the Big Ten title trophy could come to Minneapolis. The Gophers finished a game out last year, but

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they trounced Michigan 89-75 the last time the two teams met and, significantly, they did it the way people used to trounce them—agility over brawn. But those speedy out-of-state sophomores had a lot to assimilate last year. Kundla admits that he was almost ready to cancel his set offense when the team finally began to show it could follow the patterns at New York's Holiday Festival last December. The Gophers have no such option on defense—they must be harassing, particularly up front, because they lack height. This team must move to win, a fact that has been impressed upon it in full scrimmages against a tall and classy freshman group. Both guard positions are set—Juniors Archie Clark, 6 feet 1½, and Don Yates, 6 feet 3. Clark can be described simply as an all-round player, exceptional on defense. A mature undergraduate, he is 22—Minnesota found him in the service, where he was All-Air Force. Yates, from Uniontown, Pa., has bursting speed and exceptional jumping ability. Wes Martins is only 5 feet 11 but has a good shot, which makes him the right sort of man to rush in for a quick score. Mel Northway, 6 feet 8, 225 pounds, is sturdy and reliable in the post—a youth cast in the old Minnesota intake. He sacrifices his own scoring potential—and he has a good short touch—by setting up the speed kids for drives and quick jumps. Kundla hopes to free Northway more this season with a double-pivot offense. The Gophers are set at one forward spot with Lou Hudson, a broad-shouldered 6-foot-5 North Carolinian. Hudson led the team last year with 18.1, and though he tends to tire, he is still the biggest threat on a well-balanced squad. The other corner post is currently assigned to Terry Kunze, a sophomore gun who failed to fire much last year. Kunze, 6 feet 4, has been moved from guard, and he does not look comfortable in the forefront. He will have to do a better job working the boards to fend off Dennis Dvoracek (6 feet 6), who was no more than a spot player last year. Minnesota is one big forward away from being as good as anyone—which is just about what they said about UCLA last fall.

Remarkably accurate from outside for a big man, John Fairchild lops a deep BYU squad

10 **BRIGHAM YOUNG** When Stan Watts and his kid brother, Nick, were collegiate basketball stars, Mother Watts admonished Nick: "Always pass the ball to Stanley, son." This was unusual advice, because Stan played for Brigham Young, and Nick for Utah. "BYU deserves to win sometimes," explained Mrs. Watts, with unassailable motherly logic. Stan Watts is now head coach at Brigham Young, and this is the year BYU will win, not only sometimes but most of the time. A rival coach in the Western Athletic Conference says, "BYU's second team could win the WAC championship—if anybody could tell which was the second team." One surefire clue is to look for Center John Fairchild; the team he is playing on is the first team. Fairchild is 6 feet 8, a sensor, skinny, at times lazy, dark and handsome. Unlike most big men, he is an extremely accurate shooter from the outside. If Brigham Young's foes know about Fairchild, they do not know all that goes with him, i.e.: the four other starters from last year's slow-to-jell team, a couple of frontline reserves, and the intact five-man 1963-64 freshman team, which won 14, lost none and averaged 109 points to 74 for its opponents. There is so much talent that shiny-pated Watts is almost embarrassed. "We have more depth than I can ever remember," he says. The deepest part of that depth is Craig Raymond, a near facsimile of a redwood tree. Raymond is 6 feet 11, and when he sweeps the boards, he passes off in almost the same motion that gets him the ball. With Raymond rebounding, the Cougar trademark—the fast break—should be more effective than ever. (BYU, unfortunately, thinks defense is something best left to McNamara.) If Raymond isn't the first of the sophomores to become a starter, Gary Hill will be. Hill is the alltime best Utah prep star, a fine shooter and salt-flat fast. In early practice sessions Watts had a "first" team of Fairchild at center, Mike Gardner, Dick Nemelka and Jeff Congdon (all lettermen) alternating at guard, and junior Steve Kramer teaming with senior Bob Quinney at forward. They are all hustling because a lot of likely lads want to play. Aside from poor defense, one question remains. Can all that talent flower fully

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under Stan Watts's genteel prodding? Watts is an extremely soft-spoken, low-key gentleman whose wildest tirade in 15 years as a coach was the remark to a losing team, "You fellows were pretty sloppy." At the moment, however, the Cougars seem mean and sassy.

11 ST. LOUIS It is called Billiken's knee, the discriminating malady that seeks out St. Louis centers every year—Bevo Nordmann in 1961, Garry Garrison in 1962, Don Dee in 1963. It strikes early in the season, and there goes one knee, one center and one promising Billiken season. It hangs heavy over this year's team, for Garrison is back for a final try. If he is able to play just reasonably well, St. Louis should win the Missouri Valley. In practice Garrison has been favoring the leg, but he is moving on it better than last year when he courageously limped into 22 games. "He was," Coach John Benington says, "the best one-legged player in the country." Somehow Garrison managed 163 rebounds and 184 points. He has since had another operation and is wearing a brace instead of 15 yards of tape. Garrison is an unorthodox shooter, with small hands for a man 6 feet 8, but he has a fine touch in close and rebounds well. With 6-foot-10 Gil Beckemeier available, Benington will move Garrison to a corner, but both are foul prone so St. Louis probably will play a zone defense when the two big men are in. Opponents have described the Billiken style as a "karate defense" because it is furiously aggressive. Benington views it as the defensive equivalent of a free-lance offense, encouraging initiative for ball-stealing and interceptions, and his two starting guards—Rick Rineberg and Sam Ulrich—play it to the hilt. Rineberg also guides the team on offense. If John Smith recovers from jaundice, he will be at least a third guard until his eligibility runs out in midseason. And two high-scoring newcomers, John Kilo and Bob Cole, are coming fast. Cole has been especially impressive in practice. A couple of rugged men named Rich—Nae and Parks—will either start at

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Able Jim Washington handles the tough defenses assignments as Villanova's safety man.



the forwards or split one if Garrison can go as a regular. Neither shoots too well, though Naes fought his way to a 13.1 average last year. On offense St. Louis plans patterns rather than free-lance, but takes the first good shot. Making the shot has been the problem. Last season's team percentage was only .395 from the field and .597 from the foul line. That's not championship shooting and if it doesn't improve, the defense may really have to try karate.

12 VILLANOVA In Philadelphia, competition among the Big Five is so intense that the schools worry more about their neighbors than they do about the rest of their schedules. They work deviously to outfox each other, changing defenses for every game, and no one has been more successful at it of late than Coach Jack Kraft, who in three years has rung up a 10-3 record in Big Five games. Despite the departure of two key players his Main Liners should again be the best in Philly and perhaps in the whole East. Kraft's complicated defense plays will continue to win games. Basically, Villanova plays some variation of a zone until a rival player penetrates it. Then the Wildcats go into a switching man-to-man. The object is not to slow the game or to stall but, as Kraft says, "to force the other fellows to shoot from bad spots." And shooting anywhere near Kraft's star, 6-foot-7 Jim Washington, is likely to be a bad spot. When opponents get past the outer defense, Washington generally is waiting for them; after he has bottled the ball out of their hands once or twice, they lose some of their confidence. With Wally Jones graduated to the pros, Washington should finally gain the attention due him. He is, ideally, a forward, but Kraft seldom was able to play him facing the basket last year. Now Kraft plans to start either of two tall sophomores, 6-foot-9 Frank Gandjumas or 6-foot-8 Bill Soens, at center, so Washington may finally be able to go to a corner. At times Kraft may use both sophomores with Washington, particularly against tall teams. Otherwise, Bernie Schaeffer will start in the other corner, with Eric Erickson as alternate. Erickson, 6 feet 4, is another tough defensive player. He can also play out of the backcourt, but the

Wildcats are well staffed there. The two who shared Jones's company last year, Bill Melchionni and George Leftwich, will now start together, and Kraft expects them to contribute about 30 points a game. Melchionni is such a deadeye that it is a standard scrimmage gag for everyone to do double takes whenever he misses. Leftwich suffered by playing in Jones's shadow, and he was out two years ago with a bad knee, but his preseason work has been excellent. If there is any letdown by these two, soph Pete Coleman is a reliable replacement. Villanova has the talent—and first-rate coaching.

13 SEATTLE The ecumenical blandishments emanating from Rome pale before the example of Seattle University. This is a Jesuit school, but Coach Bob Boyd is a Protestant and he can field a team with three sons of Baptist ministers. For the last two-thirds of the season he may also have the best overseas player on a U.S. college campus, 6-foot-7 Teo Cruz of Puerto Rico, who led his country to a fourth-place Olympic finish. If Cruz becomes scholastically eligible in January and if he has learned to play Boyd's offense, he could help take the Chiefs right down Route 99 to Portland and the NCAA finals. Seattle is depending heavily on sophomores, but it has depth and muscle—and, maybe most important, it has developed a discipline under Boyd that is atypical of past teams. Last season, Boyd's first at Seattle, four players—including a 27-point star up from the freshmen—quit in the face of the tough training program, and Boyd booted two others off for smoking. But those who hung on acquired pride as well as conditioning. Boyd drills intricately, building both his offense and his pressure defense part by part; the team did not have a complete full-court scrimmage till November 21. The attack is largely patterned, a kind of disciplined free-lance with many options that leads to balanced scoring. Last year the three top scorers averaged 16 and 17 points. Two are gone, but quick Guard Charlie Williams is back. In the Northwest, Williams is advertised as the best six-footer in the country, and he may be. Since last season he has had a disk operation and, eased of the pain he for-

merly endured, he should be even more agile. He will get most of his help from last year's 19-0 freshmen. Six-foot-7 local boy Tom Workman led this juggernaut with 23.4 and should step into one of the forward vacancies. With another sophomore, Elzie Johnson, 6 feet 5, and senior Rich Turney, 6 feet 6, Boyd has three good men from whom to pick his two forwards. But he will use his bench; he likes to and he has one. Williams' running mates are 5-foot-10 Jack Tebbis and Peller Phillips. Phillips plays a lot like Williams, though not as well, so Tebbis, a better shot, may prove a more useful complement to Williams' all-round floor game. Ralph Heyward provides more height, but at a sacrifice of speed. In the pivot, waiting for Cruz, are L. J. Wheeler and Malkin Strong, who is well named and a staunch advocate of the stuff shot. "Malkin," a teammate says, "is very effective up to three feet."

14 VANDERBILT The Commodores have not always been a break-and-run team. When Roy Skinner came to coach four years ago they played the game at a dead walk. With each season he has speeded up the tempo, and this year Skinner has them going like greyhounds. "The way we intend to run the fast break and the pressing defense," says Skinner ominously, "we may not even be able to play any one boy for 40 minutes. It will be too tiring." And what about fresh players? "Well," says Skinner in the understatement of the Southeastern Conference, "we are deeper than anybody else." Deep, indeed: nine of last year's 10 varsity players are back in uniform. Vanderbilt has reserves up to here and the bench cannot hold all the hot sophomores. The Commodores are building around 6-foot-9 Clyde Lee, the 205-pound forward-center who is one of the best all-purpose men in the area and certainly its outstanding junior. As a sophomore last term, High-C Lee headed up scoring (18.8 per game) and rebounding (15.6 per game). The statistics are not startling but they are a reflection of Lee's sense of team play. "Coach Skinner gets on him all the time for not shooting more," says one Commodore, "but this year he will." The school has a storeroom of flashy guards—so many,

in fact, that Skinner is talking utility of running his offense with a three-guard spread. "It would give us a real outside threat at forward—another good shooter there," says Skinner, "and we could really run a fast, fast break with three guards on the court at once." A normal lineup will feature Lee playing a spot loosely known as center-forward rebounder-in-chief, with 6-foot-6 Ron Green and returning letterman Bob Grace, a 6-foot-7 senior and second-high rebounder, sharing the forward role. To make that guard lineup, Skinner will combine returning seniors Roger Schurig, 6 feet 4, and John Ed Miller, a six-footer and one of the team's top percentage shooters, with sophomore Jerry Southwood, a 6-foot-2 whirlwind who is only 18 and will be, says Skinner, "one of the great ones." If Skinner's 40-minute forecast is correct and these six wear out, he has six more behind them and six more and so on. With all this in prospect, Vanderbilt's 7,329-seat field house already is sold out for the season, and Skinner has felt it necessary to warn in the campus paper, "We have to avoid getting too cocky."

15 **BRADLEY** Everything came up short at Bradley this year. Not only does the basketball team lack a player over 6 feet 6, but the popular Meri-N-Eties are so small that they cannot achieve the usual symmetry in their chorus-type kick-line presentations between the halves of Bradley games. Fortunately for the team, Coach Chuck Orsborn has always believed in fitting a system to the players available. Four seasons ago Orsborn was blessed with such height that he sometimes went to a triple pivot. This year he will use what he calls a shell offense—no pivot at all. With the middle open, Bradley's hottest sophomore guards, Alex McNutt and Tom Campbell, will have that much more room to drive. Stars of the 15-0 freshman team last year, the 6-foot McNutt and the 6-foot-2 Campbell do almost everything well, with McNutt better on defense, Campbell in moving the ball. Because they are so fast, certain phases of the typical Bradley game are sure to improve—the fast break and the full-court press. The trouble is up front where 6-foot-6, 190-pound

Eddie Jackson, a forward by any measure, must handle rival big men in the pivot. Jackson is an exceptional defender, but the Missouri Valley is loaded with giants. He will get help from 6-foot-3 Ernie Thompson, the best jumper on campus and a fine offensive rebounder. Due for improvement is the fifth starter, 6-foot-5 Ron Martin, a streak shooter who is acquiring consistency. Orsborn, one of the country's most successful coaches, is also an unabashed lover of the New York theater. In the past eight years his record is 177 victories to 47 defeats, and in six of those years he has taken the Bradley team to the NIT tournament in New York and to a hit show at the same time. The only thing likely to keep him and his Braves from seeing *Hello, Dolly* next March is an NCAA date in Portland.

16 **MIAMI OF OHIO** Tall, personable Dick Shrider, who serves as athletic director and basketball coach at Miami, has seven of his top scorers back from last season, including all five starters. Five of the seven are seniors who will be playing a fourth season of college basketball together. It is a team that has experience, speed, poise and, above all, shooting ability. Every Miami player who saw considerable action last season shot more than 42%. The top scorer is lean Jeff Gehring, a 6-foot-6, 180-pound senior, who has averaged 17.1 and 19.9 points in two previous seasons. He shoots hooks, jumps, can play inside and out and can hit deep. Gehring will probably team at forward with 6-foot-5, 185-pound Jerry Peirson, not flashy but consistent and a B-plus student. He averaged only 7.8 points last year but was third in rebounds and shot 45%. Backup men at forwards are 6-foot-4, 200-pound junior Rich Chamberlain, a reserve last year, and a 6-foot-2, 170-pound sophomore, Walter Williams, the only first-year man with a chance to see much action. Miami's most valuable player last year was Center Charley Dinkins who, at 6 feet 5, 210, is one of the game's smallest pivot men. But he is a tremendous leaper.

Center of a powerful front line, Wali Wesley helps Kansas control the Big Eight's boards



Scouting Reports continued

and Shrider describes him as "a little Bill Russell." He blocks a lot of shots, and is good at picking up the little man coming through. Behind Dinkins is improving Jim Patterson, a 6-foot-6 215-pounder from Hamilton, Ohio, who can play either center or forward. The probable starting guards are two seniors, Charley Coles and Skip Snow, the best defensive man on the club. A third senior at guard is Johnny Swann who, at 5 feet 10, can palm a basketball and dunk it. He came to Miami on his own from White Sulphur Springs, W. Va. Patterson is the only "name" prep player on the team, which Shrider put together by careful recruiting among the smaller Ohio schools. He has balanced scoring inside and out, so he will continue to play a single post offense, with a lot of cutting off the pivot. Miami lost the Mid-American Conference title by a game last year but should win it this time. On the drawing boards at the school are plans for a new assembly hall, scheduled for completion by the 1966-67 season, that will seat more than 10,000 for basketball. This team could fill a place that size right now.

17 NORTH CAROLINA Coach Dean Smith is something of a gymnasium home-movie buff. He has an impressive collection of films he calls *Ten Heels on Parade*, enough to make up a weekly basketball thriller serial. Each shows a different aspect of play (one reel contains nothing but splices of fast breaks); each has the same plot and the same star, 6-foot-5½ Billy Cunningham. What pleases Director Smith—and what disturbs North Carolina's opponents—is that the 218-pound Cunningham does not use a double for the stunt scenes. He is as good in life as he is on the training-room silver screen. The Tar Heel record last season was not much (12-12 overall, 6-8 in the Atlantic Coast Conference), but Cunningham had his best year. He led the team in total points with a 26-per-game average and in rebounds with 15.8 per game. For his supporting cast, Smith divides the rest of the team into front-court and back-



Every facet of North Carolina's floor game revolves around versatile Billy Cunningham

court men and never mind those other fancy designations. All front men move into the pivot area, and Cunningham will jump center and spend the rest of the game all around the floor. Others in the front line will be 6-foot-8 Bob Bennett and 6-foot-4 Ray Miskien. A sophomore, 6-foot-6 Mark Mierken, is shaping up so fast at 226 pounds that he could appear on the starting five at any moment. Junior Bill Brown, 6 feet 2, sophs Bob Lewis, 6 feet 3, and Ian Morrison, 6 feet 2, will play the backcourt. Collectively these seven are a peppery squad; they will be tougher than conference scouts suspect and possibly tough enough to become a national sleeper. Tar Heels play the strictest defense (man-to-man) in the ACC—an one drill Smith “just throws that ball out there to two men to see which one wants it the worst”—and the mood is sheer scrappiness. But Smith admits the perils of the star system. He expects opponents to collapse on Cunningham (they will) and is stressing outside shooting to counteract it. From the floor, North Carolina has but 45% as a team over the last four years, an average Smith expects to go higher this term. With their leading man on camera, the Tar Heels may all look like stars. Cunningham seems a cinch for the conference Oscar anyway.

18 WICHITA STATE This will be a split season for Wichita. Until January 30, through 16 games, All-America Dave Stallworth will be eligible and the Shockers should have a fine won-lost record and the lead in the Missouri Valley Conference. After that, for 10 more games, they will try to cling to the gains Stallworth has won for them. But they will be a completely different team, and perhaps a losing one, because Stallworth is that good. A fast and quick 6 feet 7, he averaged 26.5 points and 10 rebounds last year and is worth up to 40 points a game with his assists and playmaking added. Despite Stallworth's departure, the Wichita fans will be there to the end—all 10,500 seats to all home games were sold by the middle of October. Wichita has a new coach, Gary Thompson, who succeeds Ralph Miller, now at Iowa. But there will be no major changes in style; Thompson had either

played for or assisted Miller since 1948. “The only difference I can see,” Thompson says, “is that this year I can’t point to Ralph when we lose and say it’s his fault.” Thompson will retain Miller’s full-court press and his fast break. Wichita frequently presses all through a game, and that kind of all-out effort demands topflight conditioning, which Thompson stresses. He is hoping, modestly, for 12 points or so a game from Stallworth’s replacement, and four men will get a close look. Melvin Reed, a 6-foot-5 sophomore from Stallworth’s home town, Dallas, and 6-foot-9 Brooklynite Gerald Davis have the edge over James Thompson and Vernon Smith, but it is likely that most of the slack after Stallworth leaves will have to be picked up by the remaining starters. There is some precedent for this—when Stallworth was elevated to the varsity four years ago, Center Nate Bowman almost doubled his point production for the frosh. Last year the 6-foot-10 Bowman averaged 12.8 and 8.9 rebounds, but he fouled out 14 times and often was benched to avoid fouling out. Kelly Pete, a 6-foot-1 guard who took over the floor leadership as a sophomore and did a superb job, looks even better, though his shooting is still so-so. Fortunately, John Criss, the other starting guard, can hit from outside. The fifth regular is Dave Leach, a smart but unspectacular player who has cut down his extracurricular duties from being president of the student body to president of his senior class.

19 SYRACUSE Only three winters ago Syracuse was in the process of losing 27 straight games, while crowds of 300 or so looked on in rapt agony. Then Fred Lewis moved in from Mississippi Southern and changed things fast. A few minor acquisitions, one a high school All-America and another a 6-foot-8 transfer student, and poof! the Orange was transformed into a beautiful basketball team. All of last year’s 17-8 team is back, plus some fine sophomores, but so far no one has been found to assume the playmaking duties. Lewis has an excellent quarterback in Dave Bing, a 6-foot-3 junior, but he would like to relieve Bing of such chores and thus free him to exercise his scor-

ing talents. Bing averaged 22.2 last season, shooting .467—excellent figures for a ball-handling guard. Senior Dick Duffy leads a trio of candidates for the other backcourt spot, but his edge is narrow. Jim Boehme, a 6-foot-4 junior, might win the job, but he is that rare type who is at his best coming off the bench, and may be more valuable to the team in such a role. Sam Penceal, best defensively, could win it if he shows more of the aggressive spark that marked his freshman playmaking two years ago. With 6-foot-8 Chuck Richards and his 6-foot-9 substitute, Rex Trobridge, and either one of two big sophomores, Lewis plans a double pivot. One of the two second-year men is Val Reid, a much sought-after New York City schoolboy in 1962. A fine jumper and shooter, Reid may be a really topflight player by the end of the season. Right now he has good competition from Rick Dean, another sophomore who is smaller at 6 feet 6 but has a sensitive touch and more strength. Frank Nicoletti, 6 feet 2 and, at 185, lighter by 25 pounds than last year, has a good corner shot from the other side. Richards is the best underneath. A transfer from West Point, he averaged 22 last season and was among the nation’s leaders with a .580 shooting percentage that boosted the whole team to an outstanding .470.

20 GEORGETOWN Famous for the teaching of diplomacy, Georgetown looks ready now to make its mark in another kind of international game. Two very important knees have been successfully operated on, and that makes the Hoyas a cinch to have their best basketball season ever. The schedule may be too soft to prepare them adequately—they even get their hard games at home—but Georgetown could still turn up as a surprisingly tough tournament team. The knees belong to Jim Barry, who had to sit out all of last season after breaking a flock of scoring marks as a sophomore, and to Frank Hollenderon, 6 feet 11, who is, in effect, jumping right from high school to college varsity ball. He was out all of his freshman season. Both Barry and Hollenderon were much desired high school graduates, and how they came to Georgetown makes normal, go-get-em

continued



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Scouting Reports continued

recruiters choke on their letters of intent. Barry passed up 200 offers because Georgetown Coach Tommy O'Keefe came from the same high school he attended. Hollendoner, whose father is a Notre Dame alumnus, made his decision in large measure because he is a top student and was after a particular math course. He is by far the largest man ever to play for the Hoyas. Besides his near seven-foot height, he weighs 255 and will be a formidable

post. Owen Gillen led the team in rebounding last year, but he and Playmaker Jim Brown participated in a postseason boys' club tournament and have been ruled ineligible for nine games, till January 1. Then Gillen may have trouble getting back as a starter—the trouble being sophomores Steve Sullivan, 6 feet 8, and Bob Ward, 6 feet 6. Both were high scorers on the frosh, and Sullivan averaged 17 rebounds. Along with Hollendoner, this

is ample board strength, enough so that the slender 6-foot-6 Barry can concentrate on scoring. In the backcourt—at least till Brown returns—are the team's only seniors, John Frendergast and Joe Franz. Still another sophomore, Pete Michell, scored 18.8 last year and may move Franz out. That adds up to a lot of newcomers to go with the early-season suspensions: Georgetown might be a year away from consistent peak performance.

A FEW SURPRISE PACKAGES

Some of these teams may break into the list of the able, and all of them should be interesting to watch. They are capable of causing the season's big upsets.

PURDUE The big Boilermakers have enough offensive potential to outscore a lot of teams. Dave Schellhase (24.5 average) is already being compared to Terry Dischinger and can play either forward or guard. Coach Ray Eddy finally will have senior Center Bill Jones for a full season plus Bob Purkhiser, Ron Hughes and Earl Brown. Tom Niemeier, the 6-foot-9 celebrity high school boy, is on the varsity now, too. But the Boilermakers do not hit the boards hard or hawk the ball well, and such cursory defense could cost them a real shot at the Big Ten championship.

CINCINNATI Ron Krick averaged only 6.8 points a game and 5.8 rebounds last year, figures that are especially depressing when one considers that he is the best the Bearcats have back. A 6-foot-8 junior, Krick was showing his great promise near the end of the season, and if that helped his confidence Cincinnati may not be buried after all. There are five reliable guards on hand, and up front Coach Ed Jucker picks up two high-scoring 6-foot-6 sophs, Mike Rolf—who broke some of Oscar Robertson's freshman records—and Ken Calloway.

KANSAS STATE Appraising the Wildcats is like scouting a Chinese menu. There is: 1) Coach Tex Winter's Big Team. It has 7-foot-1, 245-pound, 20-E-shot sophomore Nick (The Stick) Pino at center, and it plays a triple-post offense. But can Pino defend well enough, even if he does score 20 a game? If not, color Pino red shirt and try 2) Second Big Team, with last year's red shirt, 6-foot-10, 220-pound Roy Smith at center. Will Smith find offensive finesse? No? O.K., move on to 3) Little Team, which will fast-break and full-court-press, with Gary Williams, Jeff Simons, Sammy Robinson, Ron Parads and Dennis Berkholtz. The odds are Winter will go with No. 1 because the prospects for next year are so good that he will want Pino to have the experience to lead State to a national championship.

PRINCETON Bill Bradley's personal acclaim has obscured the fact that the Tigers have dominated Ivy League basketball for almost a decade. Coach Bill van Breda Kolff has averaged 18 wins a season over 13 years at three schools and now has his own recruits on the Princeton varsity. Even without Bradley the Tigers probably could handle their Ivy schedule easily. But with 6-foot-6 Ed Hummer, a high school All-America, 6-foot-9 Bob Brown and Gary Walters to give Bradley some help, the rest of the league will be ravaged.

NORTHWESTERN The Wildcats are counting on six sophomores, and they are so good that in any other year Northwestern would be much more seriously considered in the Big Ten. The difficulty this

year is that the five top conference teams have lost a total of only five starters. Forward Ron Korficki and Guards Jim Burns and Walt Tiberi are the best of the newcomers, and, despite his bad knee, junior Center Jim Pitts is one of the quickest big men around. Captain Don Jackson is back at forward and Rich Mason, a high school All-America, becomes eligible December 19. Coach Larry Glass's big men can run, so he will shift from last year's patterns to the fast break.

TENNESSEE The Southeastern Conference should be a three-team race, and Tennessee is almost as good as Vanderbilt and Kentucky. With his 1-3-1 disciplined offense and a tough zone defense, Coach Ray Mears has knocked area code figures out of the scores and made the scoring totals of his own players useless gauges of their ability. A. W. Davis, who averaged 17.3 last year, is 6 feet 7 and, with Howard Byrne (6 feet 5 and 234) at center, the Vols have a front line that might be too strong for Kentucky's little men and Vanderbilt's bigger ones, too. Success, though, hinges on two junior college All-Americans: Jimmy Cornwell and Austin (Red) Robbins.

ST. JOHN'S Coach Joe Lapchick's last team (he retires next spring) is built around a pair of surfers, an ex-marine, a baseball pitcher and a sophomore named Dove who is built more like a crane. The surfers are the brothers McIntyre. Ken, a guard, led the Redmen in scoring with a 15.9 average and Bob, a 6-foot-6 forward, was second with 14.9. Former Marine Bob Duerr is a forward who knows the value of an elbow. Six-foot-5 Ken Wirtell, a fine pitcher, is a hound dog on defense (Lapchick may add a zone press to his standard man-to-man) and is excellent at setting up screens. Sonny Dove, 6 feet 7, 185 pounds, averaged 20 points for a freshman team that was 21-1. With better rebounding this could be a really outstanding team.

SOUTHERN CAL Coach Forrest Twogood had one of his rare losing seasons (10-16) last year, but only one starter is gone and, with some interesting newcomers, the Trojans should become UCLA's biggest threat on the Big Six. Three double-figure regulars return, including a really fine player, Forward Allen Young—plus Doug Bolcom and 6-foot-9 John Block, who seems to have conquered his awkwardness. Rod Altematt, a husky 6 feet 6 who can relieve Block or go to a forward spot, is up from the freshmen, and Twogood picked up a pair of good guards from junior college—John Bacon and Tony Oddo.

TEMPLE Nobody expected Coach Harry Litwack's Owls to come up 17-8 last year, but with the two leading scorers back, Temple must be taken seriously now. Jim Williams had an 18.1 average as a sophomore, is 6 feet 8 and is already regarded as the best center Temple has ever had. Dan Fitzgerald (12.2) also returns, and Litwack welcomes back 6-foot-6 Ken Morgan, who was out with an ankle injury last season, and Playmaker Don Cartwright. The Owls have more speed and Litwack's usual tough defense; they will not beat themselves, and not many others will beat them either.

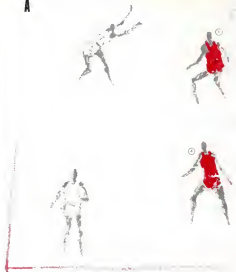
END

Zone Defenses Set the Style

by MERVIN HYMAN

Once deplored by better coaches as the easy way out of teaching sound defense in basketball, the zone is now all the rage on every level of the sport. One good reason is that today's supershooters and intricate offenses have been beating man-to-man defenses regularly. Coach Joe Mullaney of Providence, who assisted in preparing this article, also points out that the new zone patterns are far more sophisticated and effective than those of a few years ago. Mullaney, whose teams are usually among the nation's defensive leaders, has been using a combination defense (page 78) at Providence since 1955, and won the National Invitation Tournament with it in 1961 and 1963. His experience proves that only a team of superior ball handlers can consistently penetrate a well-played zone. Four of the most popular of these defenses are analyzed on the following pages.

A

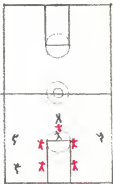


B





The 1-2-2 Zone



This zone is used most often to offset a height disadvantage and against a team that has a strong pivotman but weak outside shooting. It is specifically designed to jam the foul line, cutting off penetration to the basket and creating congestion in the most dangerous scoring area while providing excellent blocking and rebounding position. Usually the smallest and quickest man plays the point with the two strongest and best rebounders in the deep spots. At left, the zone is being attacked by a 1-3-1 offense as shown in the top drawing (A). All five defensive men are turned toward the ball as the first pass goes from the offensive guard to his right wingman. In Drawing B the entire defense setup responds with the ball, wheeling to the left but still retaining its 1-2-2 shape. No. 1 moves toward the man with the ball, playing him just loosely enough to prevent a pass to the pivotman, No. 2 drops back to protect the foul line, No. 3 shuts off the lane, No. 4 protects against a quick cut by the cornerman and No. 5 fills in at the low position on the ball side. The defense has now set up a tight ring around the pivotman, discouraged the cross-court pass and successfully crowded the foul line. The man with the ball has two alternatives: he can pass off to his guard or cornerman or shoot over the top from 22 to 25 feet away, which is exactly what the defense wants him to do. The defenders, meanwhile, with three men in position to get to the basket quickly, can box out the offensive cornermen and the pivotman and assume good rebounding spots if the shot is missed.

CONTINUED

A



B



C





The 1-3-1 Zone



The 1-3-1 is likely to be used when the opposing teams are fairly equal in size. It offers good opportunities for double-teaming and ball-squaring and can exploit a poor ball-handling team, shutting off the passing lanes while still maintaining good rebounding position. The 1-3-1 is ideal, too, for a team that likes to fast-break. The point man and the wingmen, with their running lines already established, are in position to hustle down-court at the drop of a rebound. As in the 1-2-2, the point man is the smallest and quickest player. His job is to bother the opposing playmaker and to keep him from getting off an outside shot. The biggest man and best rebounder is stationed at the foul line, while the deep man, in addition to being a good rebounder, must be mobile enough to range to either corner. The offense here is in a 2-3 formation (above). The ball goes to the pivotman (A, left), and as the action develops (B), he turns and looks for a chance to shoot from the top of the key or to pass off to a free man. But No. 4 plays him tight to contest his shot as No. 2 bothers him from the rear and No. 1 retreats, keeping a wary eye on the wingman. The defense is still in a 1-3-1 formation. The obvious pass (C) is to the left cornerman, and No. 3 and No. 5 are prepared for it. They quickly move in to clamp a double-team on the receiver as No. 2, his responsibility for helping in the middle ended, edges toward the opposing team's guard. Caught in the corner, the desperate offensive player tries to get the ball out to his backcourt man, but No. 2 alertly intercepts (D). The offense has lost the ball without getting off a shot.

CONTINUED

The Combination



Perhaps the most puzzling defense to recognize—both for fans and coaches—is the one that Mullaney has popularized at Providence and variations of which are now being used at other schools. Most opposing coaches call it a zone and attack it with a zone offense. That suits Mullaney just fine. The less movement there is against his “combination,” the better he likes it. Mullaney, however, insists that it is simply “a man-to-man defense with zone principles.” Actually, it is a combination of both. The Providence defense always assumes the alignment of the offense it faces, in this case a 1-3-1 (above). The ball is played man-to-man but—and here is where the zone characteristics apply—every defensive player is also turned toward the ball, and the front men never go with their opposing players when those players penetrate. Instead they trade them off to the deep men. Theoretically, the combination will nullify a height disadvantage and give up only a tough shot under extreme pressure. The stage is set (A, right) as the first pass goes to the left wingman. No. 3 challenges his opponent in a normal man-to-man position (B). No. 2 is tight on the pivotman and everyone else but No. 5 plays a man. The right wingman (arrow) cuts through toward the corner, but No. 1 does not follow. His man is peeked up by No. 5, already set on the ball side of the lane. Now the defense looks like a zone. With the ball in the pivot (C), the defense still is in a loose man-to-man stance but with everyone facing the ball. The cornerman has the ball and gets off his shot (D), but it is a difficult one, under pressure, from dangerously close to the baseline.

A



B



C



D



The Zone Press



This is a gambling defense that has become increasingly popular. There are many variations of it, and it is played either half-court or full-court, depending upon the circumstances and the effect desired. The press can be extremely effective as an emergency measure when a team is behind, as a change of pace to control the tempo of the game, or to harass a weak ball-handling opponent. It is taxing, however, and can only be employed by well-conditioned, aggressive players. The front men must be quick enough to execute a good double-team maneuver, and the deep men, who are charged with looking for the interception, have to anticipate the direction of the first pass and then react fast enough to pick it off. The full-court 3-1-1 press shown above is a favorite with many coaches. As the ball comes in from out of bounds (A, right), No. 2 and No. 3 converge on the receiver, No. 1 moves in to protect against a return pass, No. 4 guards against a pass to the short side and No. 5 zones the two deep men. The trapped player (B) may elect to throw to his deepest man. It is a costly mistake, as No. 5, anticipating the long pass, intercepts. But woe to the pressing team that permits the offense to elude its first double-team. Chances are it will be scored upon before it can regroup.

END



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MADISON LITTLE CIGARS

Lawrence Peter Berra is short and squat. So, too, is the boy who stole his Thunderbolt and drove it from New York to Florida a few days ago. The resemblance ends, yet for 11 days the brawny youngster passed himself off as Lawrence Berra, used Yogi's credit card to buy tires which he then resold for cash, and even autographed baseballs for clamoring children in St. Augustine Giddy with success as a celebrity, he drove on to Fort Lauderdale, Yankee spring-training site, where word got around that Yogi was back in town. Since "Yogi" was both out of season and out of place (Berra is now a Met), someone got curious enough to take a look, a development which quickly led to the impostor's arrest. The 15-year-old did not look a bit like 39-year-old Yogi. But then, as Carmen Berra, Yogi's wife, explained to the confusion of all, "Yogi looks much younger in sports clothes."

According to the press agents, Cynthia Lee Clement, an education student at Eau Claire (Wis.) State College, "enjoys creative work such as choreography, designing her own clothes" and promoting sales of Evinrude and Johnson motors. The latter attribute, along with her natural endowments (below), may possibly account for the fact that

Cynthia, jumping the calendar by a month or two, has just been named Miss Stern Drive of 1965.

Tilting shotguns at windfalls of partridges, Spanish Generalissimo Francisco Franco, Portuguese President Americo de Deus Rodrigues Torres and U.S. Air Force Chief of Staff Curtis LeMay spent a pair of mild autumn days hunting deep in the Don Quixote land of La Mancha. In the interest of international relations, El Caudillo declined to release figures on individual bags, leaving partisans to guess who shot how many of the 1,902 partridges killed.

Irrepressible Archie Moore, star of TV, the prize ring and an occasional movie, told the Honolulu Quarterback Club he was thinking of opening a health club in the Islands. "With my knowledge of foods, food supplements and weight reducing," said Moore, "the world's greatest health center could be right here." One Monday morning quarterback wanted to know how a man of 50 kept in such magnificent condition. "Fifty?" said the MongOOSE, retooling. "Let's say I'm around 47." Why does *The Ring Record Book* list his age 50, then? Moore smiled conspiratorially. "They're joking," he said.

A letter from a father to his son's schoolmaster, which was put on sale in London, provides a clue to Roddy Kipling's lifelong preoccupation with the warmer shores of Empire. "People are talking about sea bathing and its delights," Kipling's father wrote in 1878, "but I am afraid, indeed I am sure, Roddy inherits a sensitiveness of liver which makes cold water bathing of any kind dangerous. All my misfortunes date from a chill and I should be immensely obliged if—supposing always no point of school discipline is involved—he can be prevented from cold water bathing. It is grievous, of course, that a boy should not be free to swim,

but there really are in this infernal England only about five days per annum when a creature of his complexion can venture into cold water."

At ringside in Baltimore's Civic Center to watch such villainous wrestlers as *Gorilla Monsoon* and *The Golden Terror* was Baltimore's local Belasco. Edward J. Golden Jr., director of the city's resident theater company. Professional wrestling remains the longest-running and most profitable stage production in American theater, said the producer afterwards, because "it has the basic elements of children's theater and is keyed to an almost total naïveté. In some ways, it reminds me of a Jacobean tragedy, but the image is similar to that of *London* and *Gone with the Wind*—the world is a madhouse with people knocking each other down. Becket has this too: man does nothing but contest and there is no intelligibility, just a series of images coming at you and some subliminal logic functioning." *Gorilla Monsoon* did all that.

No one need wonder what becomes of outgoing Russian premiers: they do what everyone else does during retirement. They just do it invisibly. That reassuring news comes from 36-year-old Sergei Mikoyan, the son of the most durable Bolshevik of all

During a Thanksgiving Day visit to Millionaire Cyrus Eaton's farm in Ohio, young Mikoyan said, "Nikita Khrushchev doesn't disappear. That was all newspaper talk. He lives 15 miles outside Moscow and spends much time hunting. He is in fine shape and beginning to do what he always planned to do when he retired."

Texas millionaire K. S. (Bud) Adams Jr., owner of the Houston Oilers, was happy as a boy of 10 showing off his newest plaything. A bright-red fire engine, it was a lot more popular in Houston than Adams' loving football team. As for Bud, he was having so much fun cruising around the fashionable River Oaks section looking for drive-in fires that he decided to delay indefinitely sending the fire engine to his ranch.

More than 100,000 people jammed Philadelphia's newly named John F. Kennedy Memorial Stadium to pay honor to the late President and watch the Cadets beat the Midshipmen—and at least five of them bore the name Kennedy themselves. An inveterate sports fan as well as a loyal brother, Senator-elect Bobby Kennedy (below) was on hand with his sons Joseph, David, Bobby Jr. and his daughter Kathleen, cheering as lustily as any of the other 99,995 rooters.



FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

The college football season ended the way it began, in a wild flurry of upsets. Notre Dame, beaten by USC 20-17 (page 26), was the most notable casualty, and the result dropped the Irish from the No. 1 spot among the nation's major teams. Alabama, 10-0 and headed for the Orange Bowl, was now clearly the best in the country. Only two other teams—Arkansas (10-0) and unranked Princeton (9-0)—were unbeaten and untied.

Meanwhile, persevering bowl committees, undeterred by the dwindling list of potential candidates, completed their pairings. Surprisingly, Oregon State (6-2) got the Rose Bowl invitation to play Michigan; Oklahoma (6-3-1) was in the Gator Bowl with Florida State; Utah (8-2) will meet West Virginia in the Liberty Bowl; Texas Tech and Georgia, both 6-3-1, were invited to the Sun Bowl.

THE SOUTH

THE TOP THREE: 1. ALABAMA (10-0)
2. LOS (7-1-1) 3. FLORIDA STATE (8-1-0)

Even before he got the news of Notre Dame's defeat, Alabama's Bear Bryant, elated by his team's 21-14 Thanksgiving Day victory over Auburn, was telling everyone: "We

think we are No. 1. We played the toughest schedule." Last Saturday The Bear had further evidence that Alabama was indeed No. 1. But there were moments against Auburn when Bryant must have wondered if his Crimson Tide was first, second or 25th. Fortunate to score on an Auburn end-zone fumble after an outrageously bad fourth-down center snap and battered shamefully by Tiger Fullback Tucker Frederickson, Alabama found itself behind 7-6 at half time. The pressure was eased somewhat when Ray Ogden, a 217-pound runner, took the second-half kickoff deep in his end zone, hesitated briefly until he got a go-ahead signal from a teammate, and then raced up the middle alley 107 yards for a touchdown. After that the Alabama defense stiffened. Quarterback Joe Namath threw one of his deadly passes over the middle to Ray Perkins for another score, and 'Bama had its undefeated season.

Vince Dooley, the 32-year-old rookie Georgia coach who likes to spend his spare time browsing in the school's Ithi Dunlap Little Memorial Library, probably can have the whole building if he wants it. Brought in

to banish the sour taste of the Wally Butts-Johnny Griffiths era, Dooley did that and more, putting enough bite in the Bulldogs to get them into the Sun Bowl. Last Saturday they nipped Georgia Tech 7-0. Quarterback Preston Rudehuber gave Georgia a touchdown on a three-yard run in the third quarter, and then the Bulldogs played it safe. Specialist Douglas MacArthur Faircloth kept Tech at bay with his long punts (he averaged 41.4 yards), and a ferocious defense did the rest.

Two other Southeastern Conference underdogs also finished strong. VANDERBILT completed no passes but still beat Tennessee 7-0. TULANE's aggressive Pome, a hard-hitting defensive unit, put a fairytale rush on Duke's Scotty McGlocken and the Blue Devils expired quietly, 17-0.

Miami had FLORIDA on the run in the first half. The Gators had gained only 12 yards and had no first downs. What is more, the hustling Hurricanes led 10-0. Then Coach Ray Graves split Lonesome End Charlie Casey out to one side and flanked Halfback Jack Harper to the other side. That opened up the Miami middle and allowed Harper



and Fullback Larry Dupree to bang out touchdowns to give the Gators a narrow 12-10 win.

West Virginia already had the Southern Conference title but VIRGINIA TECH wanted second place badly. The Gobblers took it as Hobby Schwickert and Sonny Utz smashed VMI for 372 yards in a 35-13 rout. WILLIAM & MARY Quarterback Dennis Haglan threw three touchdown passes as the Indians trounced Richmond 33-13.

None of the Texas Southern players got to Tokyo for the Olympics, but they got a chance to watch FLORIDA A&M's Bob Hayes, a gold medal winner, after all. Hayes took two passes from Quarterback Ernie Hart for touchdowns and sprinted 58 yards for a third as the Rattlers won 24-14.

THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1. PENN STATE (6-1)
2. SYRACUSE (7-1) 3. PRINCETON (6-2)

The big game, of course, was in Philadelphia, where ARMY successfully shelled Navy 11-8 (below). But for the 27,000 who jammed BOSTON COLLEGE's Alumni Stadium to watch the traditional jousting with Holy Cross, the really big game was taking place in front of them. The unexpected usually happens in games between these two old rivals, so it was no surprise when sophomore Quarterback Jack Lentz, playing despite three cracked ribs, rolled out around the Boston College line to put the underdog

Crusaders ahead 8-3 at half time. But BC's Eddie Foley finally got the Eagles moving in the last quarter. He passed them 50 yards in seven plays, the last one a 15-yard pitch to big End Jim Whalen, who fell into the end zone for the touchdown that won for Boston College 10-8. It was the final game of a 39-year career for Holy Cross Coach Eddie Anderson, who retired with 201 victories, but not the one he wanted desperately. "It's not nice when you don't win," said Anderson sadly.

Chuck Mills, the voluble young man who coaches the U.S. MERCHANT MARINE ACADEMY at Kings Point, makes jokes when he loses—and that has happened frequently this year. But Mills had the last laugh Saturday in Atlantic City's indoor Convention Hall. His "alumni" play ("a little wrinkle to show the old grads I've been preparing for the game"), a wide lateral from Quarterback Bob Post to George Clark, who ran seven yards for a score, beat Penn Military Academy 20-16 in the "Little Army-Navy" game.

THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. NOTRE DAME (6-0)
2. MICHIGAN (6-1) 3. NEBRASKA (5-1)

OKLAHOMA, either too pleased with a Gator invitation or forgetful of its bumbling, early-in-the-season ways, made a game of what should have been a romp against Oklahoma State. The Sooners fumbled the ball

continued

A SECOND FIDDLE FINISHES FIRST

For five frustrating years Army could not handle the only team on its schedule that really mattered: Navy. And for the last two of those years, Army's fine quarterback, Rolfie Stichweh (No. 16 and pronounced, please, Stitche-way), played second fiddle to Navy Quarterback Roger Staubach, (far left), who seemed able to turn every play into a chariot race. Staubach made All-America, won a Heisman Trophy and relegated most of his opposing counterparts to "Who's he?" status.

But last Saturday Army and Stichweh settled accounts. Army beat Navy 11-8, and even though a grankish Navy announcer emphasized Stichweh's comparative obscurity by introducing him to the crowd as "See-which," the Army quarterback outplayed Staubach as no player had before. Navy Coach Wayne Hardin may not have helped his cause when he told a pep rally crowd what he thought of Army Coach Paul Dietzel: "I've never heard a man talk so much and win so little." The comment brought only a smile from Dietzel—but it was less the smile of a press agent than of a crocodile.

Since early last winter Dietzel had been studying films of the Cotton Bowl game,

where Texas almost ate Staubach alive. The lessons were graphic enough. Blitz the agile ends at Staubach while the slow-footed guards and tackles cover the middle. And tackle Staubach high, not allowing him to dance away.

On Navy's second play, Staubach went straight back to pass. But before he could start his jutterbugging, three Army linemen forced the Navy quarterback into a sitting position. That was ignominious enough, but the worst part was he was sitting in his own end zone—a humiliation worth two points to Army.

After that Stichweh had the time of his life, sprinting away from the center and skirting Navy's ends. And when Navy adjusted to that maneuver, he either completed soft, accurate passes or deftly handed off to Fullback John Seymour and Fullback Donald Parcells coming back on beautifully executed counterplays that always seemed to gain yardage when the effect was most devastating. So well did Rolfie Stichweh carry out his duties, in fact, that by the game's end it seemed that everybody among the 100,000 in Philadelphia's John F. Kennedy Stadium knew how to pronounce the name—at least as well as Staubach's,



she won't?

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away five times and lost it once on an interception. Even worse, State struck for a first-period touchdown and Charlie Durkee kicked three field goals, from 29, 28 and 28 yards out, for a 16-7 lead as late as the third quarter. It was almost enough to make Coach Gomer Jones wish that he was Bud Wilkinson's assistant again. But things got better in the last period. Bobby Page, a senior quarterback who can run—he scored Oklahoma's first touchdown on a 22-yard dash and wound up with 149 yards rushing—but supposedly cannot pass, suddenly got a hot hand. He found Ben Hart, an elusive sophomore end who can catch anything if someone will just throw it to him, with a 14-yard look-in pass for a touchdown. Later Page and Hart connected again on the same pattern, this time for 65 yards, and the Sooners went ahead 21-16. That should have settled things, but Oklahoma's fifth fumble gave State another chance with about five minutes to play. The weary Cowboys, however, had run out of miracles. End Tony Sellari dropped Glenn Baxter's 40-yard pass on the five, and Oklahoma, counting its blessings by now, held on for its 19th straight victory in the state series.

Wichita's stunning defenses, set up for each play by a call from the bench, undoubtedly made an impression on TULSA's Jerry Rhome and Howard Twilley. The charging Shockers threw Rhome for 70 yards in losses but he still got away to beat them with passes. Rhome completed 18 of 29, 10 of them to Twilley, for 234 yards and two touchdowns to set another batch of NCAA records. He also rolled out eight yards for Tulsa's other touchdown and the Hurricanes—now bound for the Bluebonnet Bowl—won their eighth game, 21-7. Coach Glenn Dobbs, who used to be quite a passer himself, could not have been more pleased. "Jerry Rhome," he said flatly, "is the greatest passing quarterback in the history of football." For proof of Coach Dobbs's claim, see opposite page.

The bowl season was already on for the small colleges. NORTH DAKOTA STATE (9-1), co-champions of the North Central Conference, and Western Colorado State (9-0), the best in the Rocky Mountain Conference, had it out in the Mineral Water Bowl in Excelsior, Mo. and North Dakota State won 14-13. SAM HOUSTON STATE (9-1) beat Findlay 32-21 in the NAIA Eastern playoff in Findlay, Ohio. The victory earned the Bearcats a shot at Concordia (Minn.) in the Champion Bowl in Augusta, Ga. on December 12.

THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. ARKANSAS (10-0)
2. TEXAS (9-1) 3. TEXAS TECH (8-3)

TEXAS Coach Darrell Royal, who would find reason to worry if his Longhorns were scheduled to play a grammar school team,

was brooding about lousy Texas A&M before the Thanksgiving Day game in Austin. "Playing the Aggies," he complained, "is like opening a box of Crackerjacks. There's a surprise in every package." Sure enough, A&M did have a surprise for Instess Texas, a 7-7 tie at half time. But that was only temporary. In the second half the Longhorns picked up a safety on a bad center snap. Then Quarterbacks Marv Kristynik and Jim

THE BEST

BACK OF THE WEEK: USC Quarterback Craig Fertig was Notre Dame's chief tormentor. He completed 15 of 23 passes for 225 yards, threw for two touchdowns and won the game with a 15-yard pass to Halfback Red Sherman.

LINEMAN OF THE WEEK: Sonny Stowers, 195-pound Army linebacker, dumped Navy's Roger Staubach for an early safety and then concentrated on leading the furious charge that held the Middles to a mere 22 yards rushing

Hudson passed one way while Tailback Ernie Koy and Fullback Harold Philipp ran the other, leading Texas to a 26-7 win. There was even some glory for Gary Brown, a 180-pound senior end who had never before suited up for a varsity game. He caught a 10-yard pass from Hudson for a touchdown on the very last play, just before the usual game-ending fight.

Rice, double-teaming Baylor's ubiquitous flanker, Larry Elkins, and exercising remarkable restraint with a superb ball-control game, had the Bears down 20-12 going into the last quarter. Then the Owls began handling the ball like a hot spare rib at a Lyndon Johnson barbecue. Rice fumbled a punt on its own 37-yard line, and Defensive End Willie Walker, who also blocked a field-goal attempt, recovered for Baylor. Soon Fullback Tom Davies smashed over from the one-yard line, and Quarterback Terry Southall's two-point pass to Elkins, who had four catches for a new NCAA record (120 in two years), tied the score. A little later Walker pounced on another Owl fumble and Southall passed 27 yards to Ken Hodge in the end zone for the winning Baylor touchdown. Final score: 27-20.

TCU and SMU stumbled around for four quarters in the Cotton Bowl and proved one thing: SMU is more inept than the precurrent Horned Frogs. After 11 fumbles and three pass interceptions, TCU won the game 17-6. "I wish we had some more games left," said TCU's Abe Martin. "I always hate to quit playing." SMU's Hayden Fry, whose team finished last in the Southwest Conference with a 1-9 record, was not a bit sorry the season was over. "One thing, though," he said cheerfully, "I'm the most popular guy in the league this year. Yes, sir, everybody must sure like good old Hayden."

CINCINNATI's Missouri Valley champions, still fretting over a 42-14 pasting they took from Houston two years ago, tore right into the Cougars. Halfback Al Nelson hammered away for 144 yards and a touchdown to finish third among the nation's rushers and scorers. Quarterback Brig Owens threw a 28-yard scoring pass to Errol Priddy and ran a yard for another touchdown as Cincy won 20-6. But Coach Chuck Studley wanted more. "I'm only sorry we didn't score 100 points," he lamented.

Texas Western Coach Warren Harper, after two losing years, decided enough was enough. He announced his resignation just before he sent his Miners out against COLORADO STATE. They should have resigned with him. The Rams' Jeff Wallis ran 63 yards on the second play from scrimmage to start a 35-8 rout. Tom Miller threw 34 yards to Tom Pack, Tom Foster recovered a malar fumble and took it 55 yards for a third touchdown and, when the game was over, Texas Western's 1964 record was a sorry 6-8-2.

THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. USC (7-3)
2. OREGON STATE (6-4) 3. OREGON (5-4-1)

The season ended on the Coast amidst charges and countercharges. The north section of the AAWU was jealous of the south, it was said, and excluded a more deserving USC from the Rose Bowl while voting in its own candidate, Oregon State. Actually, the conference had bowed to a procedural vote the week before. According to conference rules, only by agreement of all eight schools could the AAWU select its representative for the Rose Bowl before all conference members had finished their schedules. USC, which had Notre Dame to play and hoped to sway the other schools in its favor by its showing against the No. 1 team, did not agree—hence the delay. When the conference did vote, two hours after USC's splendid victory over Notre Dame, it chose Oregon State, probably by a vote of 5-3, with USC, UCLA and California favoring the Los Angeles school. Whichever way the vote had gone, there would have been bad feeling. Possibly the better team will not play January 1, but Oregon State and USC tied in league competition and at least five schools consider the Beavers more representative.

There were no bowl bids at stake in Tucson, just a blood feud involving ARIZONA and Arizona State and a valued piece of the Western Athletic Conference championship, Arizona State, beaten only once (by Utah) into the game a clear favorite and came out of it soundly trounced, 30-6. The Wildcats simply gave Quarterback John Torok the short pass (he completed 25 of 47 for 394 yards) and, led by 210-pound linebacker Tom Malloy, clamped down on the eager Sun Devils whenever they threat-

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ened seriously. Arizona intercepted six of Torok's passes, running them back for 124 yards, and held State to minus 23 yards rushing. Halfback Floyd Hudlow, a racy runner, led the offensive charge, going 58 and seven yards for touchdowns as Arizona earned a three-way tie with Utah and New Mexico for the WAC title.

NEW MEXICO, meanwhile, had big trouble with Kansas State. Halfback Doug Dusenbury kept the Lobos in a hole with his spectacular 52 1/2-yard punting—one went 71 yards—and the stubborn Wildcat line held three times inside the 10-yard line. It took three field goals by Jack Abendschan, a 222-pound, two-way guard, to beat the Wildcats 9-7. Abendschan's kicks, all in the first half, were good for 24, 32 and 50 yards, the last a new WAC record.

With seven minutes to go, SAN JOSE STATE looked like a sure 15-7 loser to once-beaten San Diego State. Then the fun began. The Spartans scored twice and Quarterback Ken Berry's 15-yard pass to End Bob Bonds with 32 seconds to go edged San Diego 20-15.

When Slippery Rock, whose very name inspires love and laughter, came west to play LOS ANGELES STATE, the Rockets were received like foreign potentates. They were welcomed at the airport by a caravan, complete with band, presented with a scroll proclaiming Slippery Rock Day in southern California, and some friendly and sympathetic natives even formed a cheering section, complete with card stunts and miscellaneous yells. But it was all to no avail. Los Angeles State thrashed the Rockets 62-6.

THE NUMBERS GAME

When the last yard was counted, free-wheeling Tulsa and its record-breaking pass-catch team of Jerry Rhome and Howard Twilley had claimed six NCAA titles. Tulsa was first in total offense, with 4,618 yards in 10 games, passing with 3,179 yards and 34 touchdowns, and scoring with 38.4 points per game. Rhome led in total offense with 3,128 yards gained and in passing with 224 completions in 326 attempts for a .687 average, 2,870 yards and 32 touchdowns. Twilley was the leading pass receiver with 95 catches for 1,178 yards and 13 touchdowns. Wake Forest Fullback Brian Piccolo took what was left. He led the nation's rushers (1,044 yards) and scorers (111 points).

Other team leaders: rushing offense, Syracuse, 251 yards per game; rushing defense, Washington, 64.4 yards per game; least points given up per game, Arkansas, 5.7; LSU, which plays Florida next Saturday, still had a chance to catch Auburn in total defense and Kent State in pass defense. The standings: total defense, Auburn leading with 164.7 per game, LSU second with 166.7; pass defense, Kent State leading with 53.6 per game, LSU second with 63.9.

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PRO FOOTBALL / *Huston Horn*



In the world of upward-mobile achievers, the TV set may be tuned to the New York Giants, but it is unfashionable to pay very much attention

The tastemakers are fed up

It has been a horrible year for the New York Giants, and no need to wonder why. In the sequence that these three examples amount to anything, the Giants have won only two of their games, they have all but despaired of ever recovering Quarterback Y. A. Tittle from decrepitude, and they have lost what some people say they can never, in the near future at least, reclaim: their image as a status symbol. For the truth is, according to the testimony of those who take pains to keep themselves up to the modish minute, the Giants and all they represent are currently on the way Out, having become detectably non-U, old-shoe, not smart and passé. Hence, the man of fashion, who, a year ago, sported with pride his possession of Giant season tickets the way some other men might wear American Legion lapel pins, now stuffs those tickets into his billfold along with hardware-store receipts. Sometimes he will even give his tickets away, provided

he can find somebody who wants them.

You are cautioned that there is no full-scale rout evident this early, for this is trend-spotting developed to a high degree. Indeed, as one man who makes his living on Madison Avenue and his home in an O.K. suburb points out, "The leaders are in on it, even if the followers, although vaguely aware something is up, have not yet found out." But astute status-seekers, intent on being among the first to make the right moves, no longer care deeply about what goes on at Yankee Stadium on a Sunday afternoon in fall. And because the New York suburbs are the seat of America's advertising and journalistic influences, and tastes set there presumably infiltrate suburban culture all over the country, professional football as an upper-middle-income necessity may, on the whole, have had it.

The tastemakers' affection for the Giants, after almost 30 years of total indifference, became an earnest, abiding

preoccupation in the middle '50s. To this day season tickets—tickets of any kind—are almost impossible to come by in New York, and may yet become a commonplace item in wills. And suburbanite attendance at Giant home games is so ingrained as a habit that it follows certain ritual procedures—early start, sometimes tailgate lunch on station wagon, always abundant gaiety and fellowship. Expense-account entertaining at the games rivals in popularity the three-martini lunch. "It reached the point," says one advertising man, "where you felt you and the team were members of the same club. It was—I don't know—our little thing, sort of a Mafia in shoulder pods. But now, ask just about anybody and he can tell you what a flare-out, a blitz and flooded zone means. I try to keep myself as in as I think is necessary, and I'd say making the Giant scene will soon be a thing of the past."

Since Giant social pressures have been a long time building and have a little more substance than uncapped seltzer, they will not bleed off overnight. It is still easy, therefore, to find those upward-mobile achievers around New York who have not wavered in their allegiance to the team. One place to find them is in any of a couple or three sports-oriented bars and restaurants in midtown Manhattan. There, guys in narrow-lapel suits and signet rings dissect Sunday's game from Monday through Friday, and can tell you more about the inner workings of Coach Alie Sherman's mind than the man's own analyst might.

Elsewhere, scattered throughout the worlds of publishing, broadcasting and manufacturing, are men like Vernon C. He first took a fancy to the Giants back in 1930, had worked up enough enthusiasm by 1936 to buy season tickets, and has had them ever since. His attention to the team does not end there. In the late summer, for example, he is apt to sail his 38-foot sloop down the Hudson River and up Long Island Sound in order to drop in on the Giant training camp on the Connecticut coast, and once (in 1957) he made it all the way to Lake Champlain when the team was training in Vermont. Further, his occupation—marketing textiles—obliges him to do considerable traveling during the football season but he doesn't mind; he can set up his out-of-town schedule to coincide with that of the Giants and he usually manages to see most of their away games.

Then there is Bob K., the personnel director. Yankee Stadium is a large, irregularly shaped, roundabout structure which is held up by plenty of pillars and posts and beams. "Our season-ticket seats," this man explains, "are high, off in a far corner, and behind a post, sort of, but we've gotten used to the angle."

In the circumstances under discussion here, Vernon C. and Bob K. are, of course, of no concern. At issue, in essence, is the associate magazine publisher who explains "good seats or bad seats, you don't brag about having box seats anymore. You're expected to have them, you know what I mean, and if I heard a guy popping off about his, I'd know he'd just got hold of them. Well, it's getting a little late to be just getting them, like it's getting too late to be just getting an estate tractor or Ben Franklin spectacles. It's O.K., say, to be just putting in your own paddle tennis court these days, but even at that you'd do well to hurry." The editor at *Vogue* in charge of the magazine's "People Are Talking About..." department suggests too that reticence is well advised. Her beautiful people, she says, are mum, Giantwise, as never before. "Last year we thought about using a picture of Tittle and wound up using Jimmy Brown. This year we haven't given either one a thought."

Not talking about one's possession of season tickets—or where your seats are located, a sort of status subdivision—is, however, the very least of the incipient erosion of Giant fashion. Says a man who by day works on Madison Avenue and by night ponders his social stratification in Westchester County: "It is no longer necessary to account for your Sunday-afternoon whereabouts when you get on the commuter train on Monday morning. I remember when you were suspected of having been drunk all week."

continued



The guy who brags about owning a season ticket is the guy who got little too late.

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BOLEX



PRO FOOTBALL, continued

end if you couldn't talk a good game, particularly when the Giants had played at home. And if you somehow missed the game, you faked it from the papers or worked up some elaborate excuse. Now I can see the day coming when you won't have to say shamefully, "I missed it." Instead you'll say, "Who'd they play?" and be one up on the guy you're talking to."

Of course, there's no knowing if this trend of defection is going to continue, so box-seat holders are not exactly asking to have their names struck from the list: rather, they are doling out their tickets with certain accompanying gestures



Nobody knows for sure what you heard the Giant coach—but you are certain it has pft.

of grandeur. Provided he can find somebody who will take the darn things, the donor may then explain that he will be catching the game, anyway, on television. Everybody knows the Giant home games are blacked out in Metropolitan New York so the man is either implying that he lives far out of town in the New York or Connecticut exurbs (high-status mark) or belongs to a country club with a special antenna for picking up the CBS television signal broadcast from Hartford, Conn. If he means more than this, he will probably say so, namely that he himself has a motor-driven, rotating antenna in his rumpus room and will be having a few friends in—"You know, sours and the brunch bit." These gatherings have been called twist parties, but

that joke is about finished. Yet, since rotating antennas fetch about \$125 and are needed only seven afternoons in the year, as symbols of affluence they are holding their own very well. Unfortunately, giving away tickets, like throwing out mop water from the back porch, can sometimes blow back in your face. One corporation wheel, for instance, recently offered to give underlings four choice seats to the Giants-Cowboys game he had a golf date for the afternoon at his club). "Well, they took them, all right," the man says, "but they didn't take them until they'd checked their location against a seating plan of Yankee Stadium."

The division that have come between the Giants and their fashion-wise friends, some people insist, is merely the disaffection anyone might feel for a losing team. "These people, well fixed, can afford not to use their tickets," says one observer of Yankee Stadium crowds, "and they'll come back when the Giants are in contention again. With the possible exception of the Mets, it's never fashionable to back a loser." A market-research analyst believes the drift has been speeded up by the Giants' poor record, but is not the direct result of it. "One important element," he suggests, "is the fact that the Giants suddenly began to unload all the old regulars—guys like Rosey Grier, Sam Huff, Phil King and Little Mo Modzelewski. The class graduated. You couldn't identify with the new guys, you couldn't talk with the same intimacy."

Another analyst thinks there has not been enough change. "I don't think you can hold an executive mind with the same situation year after year," he says. "Maybe a first-grader will listen to the same story a hundred times, but these people can sit through just so many third-down clutch plays. Then they want to move on to something fresher."

Something fresher than the Giants in New York are the AFL Jets, but as yet the team has not caught on with the style-setters. A few people take quiet pride in saying they've been out to see them play, sure, but, as one chic lady explains, "As long as it's easy to get tickets, attending Jet games won't signify."

Some men, anticipating the future, are buying up good box seats at Shea Stadium as a hedge against the future. And when the day comes that season tickets cannot be had for love or money, these men will stand at the head of the pack. It is somehow reassuring.

END

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BOATING / *Hugh Whall*



The hopelessly confused start shown above, some old-fashioned sailing skill and several places of good fortune were the ingredients when

Two seagoing Bearcats beat the odds and the kids

Most automobile buffs have a sentimental attachment to Stutz Bearcats, but not many would bet on one in a modern road race. A lot of yachtsmen feel the same way about Llewellyn Bixby's sturdy old 47-foot yawl *Typee*, which was built in 1947, and about Howard Ahmanson's even older (built in 1929) and perhaps even sturdier M-class sloop, *Sirus II*. Yet last week, against a field of ultramodern aluminum and fiber-glass racers as sleek as Lotus-Fords, these two Stutz Bearcats of the yachting world took top honors in the 900-mile-plus Los Angeles to Mazatlan ocean race. *Sirus* crossed the line first and broke the old record of six days and 15 hours by nearly 19 hours; *Typee* won the race on corrected time and in doing so made a lot of expensive technology directed at beating the rule look pretty foolish.

Built of good, sound wood in Ger-

many nearly 20 years ago, *Typee* is the kind of boat that draws the instinctive response from all who see her: "Gosh, they sure don't build boats like that anymore." They sure don't. Like her hull, *Typee*'s masts are made of wood, mellowed and highly varnished. Her deck winches are of tarnished bronze in an age of stainless steel and chrome. No one, nowadays, steers a boat with anything less than a gleaming, five-foot destroyer wheel, but *Typee*'s skipper uses a tiller—an old-fashioned stick of wood stuck in the stern sheets.

With these quaint handicaps working against her, how did archaic *Typee* ever manage to beat both the odds and the rule beaters to win the race? The answer, most simply stated, is good sailing and at least three goblets of good luck.

Typee's first taste of fortune came at the start off San Pedro as 43 ocean racers, jammed gunwhale to gunwhale

on an acre or so of water, tried to cross a line that kept drifting away from them. The cause of this agonizing mess was a combination of strong current, light air and a race committee that substituted enthusiasm for experience. Just moments before the 10-minute warning pin the committee, afraid it might set a poor line in the shifty conditions, had pulled up the marker buoy and set a new line upwind and upcurrent that was worse than just poor. Boats tacked backward and forward with near collisions the rule. "It's a shame," said the wife of one skipper, "you spend weeks and a lot of money getting ready for a race, then it's all spoiled by a bad start." But *Tippec* was lucky. She made a good start and was well cracked off for Mazatlan while the others fretted.

Her second stroke of luck came the first night out as a squall of heroic proportions gusted into the fleet, knocking many boats flat. *Tippec*, by chance, was

in the middle of a jibe when the squall struck and so, with all hands on deck and alert, was ready for the sudden blast.

Fortune struck for the third time in dead air. While most of the fleet lay becalmed, *Tippec* managed somehow to find enough zephyrs to eke out 89 miles. It marked the first time members of her well-fed crew (Bahá' ai Rham, artichoke hearts, eggs benedict, wine) missed a meal. They were too busy on deck trying to milk the most out of every little zephyr. Next day the wind returned, and *Tippec* gained 144 miles, partly through a night made so bright by a full moon that crewmen could watch the trim of their sails without electric lights. The last night out *Tippec* made her best run of all. In 20.5 hours she traveled 154 miles, hurtling toward the warm piles of rock that guard Mazatlan at an average speed of 7½ knots. "We had everything going but a snow-

ed ball," said Skipper Bixby. He attributed the victory less to luck and strategy than to his eager crew. "Our whole object was to keep the boat going, and that's what we did."

If *Tippec* is *Old Spiciness* by present-day ocean-racing standards, the boat that finished the race first is the *Ark*. Built in 1920, when M-class boats were raced around the buoys like lightning, *Seven* has had a long career of crises and triumphs. Her present owner, Howland Ahmanson, sees in her the vintage beauty of a Marlene Dietrich. He also sees in her a way to underline his contention that boats designed to take advantage of every loophole in the rating rule can be beaten by boats designed to go purely fast. "Don't you think, pal, the greatest thing is how fast you can make a boat go?" he asks intently. "I could afford to build a rule beater, pal, but I don't care about rule beatings or ratings."

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BOATING *continued*

Sirius' owner wasn't fooling when he said he could afford to build a new boat. One of the richest men in California, he probably could build the *S.S. United States*. As it is, he paid only \$39,000 for *Sirius*, half the price of a new boat half her size.

Ahmanson has sunk money into *Sirius* where it will do good, but never for show. Like *Tyne*, she still uses wooden spars and her decks are laid teak. Rival sailors, particularly those on other A-



'SIRIUS' SPREADS HER VAST SPINNAKER

class boats, like to kid Ahmanson about his relic. "Why don't you get yourself a new boat?" they prod. "Can't you afford it?" Ahmanson, who has had one heart attack and never races without a doctor in attendance, smiles jauntily and replies: "I hope I'll be sailing *Sirius*, pal, when I have that final heart attack."

Many times before then, Ahmanson will be driving *Sirius* across the line for a first—and with a crew as sturdy and weathervorn as herself. "Look at them, pal," said Howard Ahmanson, pointing with pride to several of the seasoned deckhands who helped him win the race to Mazatlan last week. "They're all old men, but they've got it up here. I don't need those beefy youngsters that sail on the rule beaters. Give me a man who can think."

END



BRIDGE / Charles Goren

Old hands with new tricks

At the Trials in Dallas to form a North American entry in the 1965 World Championship, three seasoned pairs whip some younger rivals

Last week in Dallas 18 expert pairs competed in the six-day, 340-deal Trials for the three positions on the 1965 North American world championship team. For many of the better-known pairs, the Trials were a disaster. The entire 1964 U.S. Olympiad team was eliminated. So were all seven pairs from Canada. Of the six pairs I had selected as my pre-Trials picks, only one made it. And yet, as any grueling test must, the Trials produced a team that should do well when the championships are played next spring in South America.

After a slow start that buried them in next-to-last place at the end of six rounds, Howard Schenken and Peter Leventritt of New York rallied strongly to finish first with a total score of 619½ points. At 61, Schenken, a bridge writer and travel agent, long recognized as one of the world's top-ranking players, has represented America in six previous world championships. Leventritt has played in three and once (in 1955) served as non-playing captain of the American team. The two played as partners in 1961 and again in 1963, have developed an artificial system somewhat along Italian lines and are a thoroughly practiced as well as a world-class seasoned pair.

In second place, with 617, was the dark-horse pair of Californians, Ivan Erdos and Kelsey Peterson, who played with poise throughout. Erdos, born in Hungary and possessed of an innate feel for cards, learned bridge in London during the war but did not achieve top recognition until he came to the U.S. in

1951. Now 40, Erdos makes his living from teaching bridge, writing about it and making professional playing dates with student-partners.

Peterson, a California attorney, is a relative unknown. His only national championship win was in the men's team event in 1962. He qualified for the Trials, playing as Erdos' partner, on the team that finished runner-up in the Vanderbilt Cup matches this spring. At 53, Peterson is a calm, steady player who is a good anchor for Erdos, whose temperament is as Hungarian as his flair for the game.

Third, though very nearly the victims of a smashing defeat in the final round, was the couple that has had the best record in major pair championships during the past two years: B. Jay Becker, 60, a syndicated bridge columnist and a member of four previous international teams, and Mrs. Dorothy Hayden, an attractive, 39-year-old Hastings-on-Hudson housewife with four children and a degree in mathematics, which, she cheerfully concedes, has little to do with her bridge proficiency. Mrs. Hayden is the first woman to qualify for the team since the Trials were adopted and only the second—Helen Sobel was the first—to play on our championship team.

The youth movement, evident in the last three teams to represent the U.S. in international play, was derailed. Robert Jordan and Arthur Robinson, virtually everybody's No. 1 pre-Trials pick to make the team after their fine performances in St. Vincent in 1963 and New York in this year's World Bridge Olympiad

continued

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BRIDGE continued

pad, never got moving. Robert Hamman and Don Krauss, the young Coast stars who shook up the bridge world by leading the entire field in the 1963 Trials, proved that last year's victory was no fluke when they came close, but not quite close enough, finishing fourth. So the team we will send to South America averages 50 years in age and includes three players new to international competition. Nevertheless, it is a team that should give an excellent account of itself.

The winners of the Trials, Schenken and Ivenritt, picked up points on this hand in their match against Jordan and Robinson when they collaborated in a smooth defense against a good gambling bid by Jordan.

Verity's bid
contract
South deals

NORTH
♦ J 9 5 2
♥ 4 3 1 2
♠ Q 5 4 1
♣ 1

WEST

♦ Q 7
♥ 5 7 1
♠ J 10 2
♣ K 7 6 1

EAST

♦ S 6 1
♥ Q J 10 9
♠ K 5 3 2
♣ 7

SOUTH
♦ A K 10 5
♥ A K
♠ 7
♣ A J 10 9 2

NORTH

1 ♣ PASS
2 N 1
3 N 1

WEST

1 ♣ PASS
2 N 1
3 N 1

SOUTH

1 ♣ PASS
2 N 1
3 N 1

EAST

1 ♣ PASS
2 N 1
3 N 1

Optimal bid: 3 of hearts

After Jordan's redouble had elicited a bid in the only suit in which he was weak, he shot for the moon with a three-trump contract and stood his ground when Ivenritt doubled.

Jordan won the first heart trick with the ace, but West was not to be fooled. When he got in with the king of clubs, he shifted to the pick of diamonds. North covered, and East won with the king. To beat the contract Schenken had to credit his partner with the diamond 10 and return a low one. He did, and the five diamond winners put Jordan down 300. Without the diamond shift, South could have made five no trump for a 750 score, a gain of 300 over the pairs that reach the more normal four-spade game.

A tremendous lead by Dorothy Hayden of the Becker-Hayden team prevented the opposition in this match. Sam

Stayman and Vic Mitchell, members of the 1964 Olympic team, from taking third place. This was the deal.

Barb's bid
suits table
North deals

NORTH
♦ 10 8
♥ A J 10 5 3 2
♠ K 5
♣ K 7 5

WEST

♦ K 5 3
♥ K 3 1
♠ 10 9 7 6
♣ Q 8 3

EAST

♦ J 7
♥ A J 7 6
♠ Q 8
♣ A J 10 1 2

SOUTH

♦ A Q 8 6 1 2
♥ A J 10 5 3 2
♠ 9 6

NORTH

1 ♣ PASS
2 ♣ PASS
3 ♣ PASS

SOUTH

1 ♣ PASS
2 ♣ PASS
3 ♣ PASS

WEST

1 ♣ PASS
2 ♣ PASS
3 ♣ PASS

EAST

1 ♣ PASS
2 ♣ PASS
3 ♣ PASS

Opening lead: queen of clubs

Mrs. Hayden realized from the bidding that North held an honor in clubs and South was weak in that suit. Instead of leading a low club, however, she made the brilliant lead of the queen. North covered with the king, and East was able to win two clubs and lead a third round of the suit. Stayman ruffed, led to the diamond king, discarded a diamond on the heart ace and played a second diamond. The queen dropped, but this did declare no good. East overruffed the third diamond with the jack and returned a trump. The trumps for the king lost to West, and that was the setting trick.

Had West opened a low club, declarer could withhold dummy's king. Now, when East won with the 10, if he continued with the ace of clubs he would establish the king for a second diamond discard by South. When the diamond queen appeared, declarer would have no need to ruff a diamond and could play the spades to lose only one trick. Or, if East failed to cash the ace of clubs, declarer could discard his second club on the heart ace and could afford to lose a diamond enroute to East and a trick to West's king and still make his game.

The sensation of the tournament, perhaps, was the biggest set ever recorded in such an event. It occurred on the second board of the final-round match when Cliff Russell and Harry Harkavy

were trying desperately for a blitz that might have given them one of the top three places at the expense of Erdos-Petterson. The situation called for daring tactics, but Russell and Harkavy overdid it. Their bidding (*see below*) had the weird look of the mad scientist.

East's opening bid of four clubs asked partner to bid four hearts—based on the theory that it would help to have the lead come up to the hand that might have strength. Of course, Petterson was far too strong to bid only four hearts and instead chose a Blackwood bid of four no trump, to which Erdos declared "no aces." Petterson settled for six hearts—but at this point Harkavy wheeled into action with the "unusual" no trump, asking partner to take his choice of the minors. Russell bid seven clubs and Petterson, of course, doubled.

Both sides vulnerable		NORTH	
North dealer		♠ 10	
		♥ 8 7	
		♦ K J 8 7 6 4	
		♣ A Q 6 2	
WEST		EAST	
♠ A Q J 9		♥ 6	
♥ A Q 10		♦ K 9 6 5 4 3 2	
♦ A Q 9 6 2		♣ —	
♣ 3		♦ K J 10 7 5	
		SOUTH	
		♠ K 8 7 5 4 3 2	
		♥ J	
		♦ 10 3	
		♣ 8 5 4	
NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
(Harkavy)	(Erdos)	(Russell)	(Petterson)
PASS	4 ♣	PASS	4 N.T.
PASS	5 ♣	PASS	6 ♥
6 N.T.	PASS	7 ♣	DBL
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead: 9 of clubs

The opening lead of the 9 of clubs was the best possible. Erdos took dummy's queen with the king and continued by leading the jack to force North's ace. A spade lead to the king put West in, and West made the brilliant return of the queen of hearts. Had Erdos overtaken with the king and drawn the trumps, Russell would have made only one trick, dummy's ace of clubs. But East ducked. South was able to trump the continuation of the heart ace, but that was his second and last trick. The result was 3,200 points—a gain of 1,770 over those who merely made slams. Erdos-Petterson coasted to a 48-12 win, an easy second-place finish and an expenses-paid trip to South America next spring.

END

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POP GOES THE FERRET!

BY BIL GILBERT



With the questing instincts of a fox and a build like a wet noodle, the ferret rivaled any hunter. So society passed laws against him, Ferretville, U.S.A. died and the author was left with memories of a wriggly pocket

In New London, Ohio a visitor has the uneasy feeling that he had better finish up his errands in a hurry before a crew of stagehands folds up the whole place and stores it away in some huge property closet. Just around the next elm tree one keeps expecting to meet Frank Craven, who will point across Prospect Street and drawl, "There goes our Emily Webb."

In New London there is a gray depot with a manvared roof. There is a weekly newspaper featuring a front-page column, *Chewango Charlie Says*. There are real, kindly, white-haired ladies sitting, knitting, on the deep front porches and ever ready to serve their guests some Ma Perkins sugar cookies. At the high school baccalaureate service the Senior Girls' Triple Trio sings, "Hallelujah, praise ye the Lord"—the Supreme Court notwithstanding.

New London is peaceful and gracious and *Our Town*, which makes it all the harder for the visitor to convince himself that he is at the world capital of a sport that was once as much a part of rural life as the buggy or the sweet chestnut; a *bozurre* and exciting sport—"shush," say the old ladies on the porches—that was eventually to be outlawed, namely, hunting with ferrets.

Turn back the clock now (there is that *Our Town* tilt again) a generation or two, back to the first 40 years of this century. New London had a nickname then—Ferretville, U.S.A.—and it was a working, not a promotion, cognomen, since mail so

addressed regularly reached the little Ohio town. In and around the community, New Londoners bred, raised and sold 30,000 or 40,000 ferrets a year. These long, sinuous weasels, originally native to Africa and Asia, were shipped from New London to docks, ports and factories all over the world, where they were used to control rats. They were also used as experimental animals in medical laboratories and for such worthy jobs as pulling telephone wires through long underground conduits.

Mostly, however, the little predators being raised in New London were shipped to the Cottontail Belt, which runs mainly from the Mississippi east, and sold to country and small-town boys who either did not have the price of a gun or did not need a gun as long as they had a ferret. Given a good aggressive hob (the male of the species) and a burlap bag to hold over the mouth of a bunny hole, a ferreter could take as many rabbits as a gunner. And ferreting was something more than just a method of getting rabbit stew. If you wanted excitement you could run your weasel down a woodchuck hole or a fox den. The result was sometimes more action than the average burlap bag would hold.

In those days if you met a friend out walking in the December powder snow empty-handed but with a coat pocket that wriggled, the question was not "What have you got?" but "What color, brown or white?" Ferrets were sold in hardware, sport-

ing and general stores as commonly as steel traps or case knives, and almost all of them, or their ancestors, came from that Detroit of the ferret world, New London.

Despite the fact that no other place chalked New London's claim to being Ferretville, the town has made no effort to memorialize or capitalize on its former fame. About the only physical remains of the ferret boom are a few of the long breeding sheds and a mush house or two (mush made of milk and whole wheat was the ferret diet), which ex-ferret ranchers have not gotten around to demolishing. None of these falling-down sheds are marked with historical plaques. There are no ferret museums in New London, no oil paintings of grand champions, no Hob Inn Motor Lodge. There are, of course, many ferret memories, since the majority of citizens over 40 seem to have been somehow involved with the animals. However, even talk about the good old days is somewhat muted in New London. No one actually denies that New London was Ferretville, but the fact is not being pushed. There is a sort of three-billy-goats-Gruff routine that crops up in ferret conversations in New London:

"I was just in it in a small way. Kept 20 or 30 in the shed. Now, Farnsworth was in it big."

"My brother had a few, but the Hartmans shipped thousands."

"Talk to Donald Day, or to Morrie Smith down at the tire shop. He's still crazy about ferrets."

Talking ferrets in New London is something like asking a financier who made his first million in the Klondike or the used-car business about early times. There was nothing demeaning about raising and selling ferrets, but there is the impression that New Londoners now regard the whole business as having been a little gay and sporty for Our Town.

The first ferrets came to New London around the turn of the century and were imported from England. (Ferrets have been domesticated for several thousand years—Plutarch gave them high marks as mousers—but they became most popular with the 19th century British sporting squirearchy.) One story has it that an unknown farmer imported a single English ferret, which escaped and turned up in the barn of Levi Farnsworth. Farnsworth, who became Mr. Big among the ferret breeders, apparently experienced a "eureka" moment upon finding this strange beast, the first such he had ever seen. He became enamored with, if not the personalities, then at least the commercial possibilities of ferrets. Nobody seems to know if he returned the first strayed ferret, but by 1905 he had imported breeders of his own and was advertising ferrets in sportsmen's and sportsboys' magazines.

News about making money gets around fast, and soon various neighbors, seeing that Levi was on to a good thing, began to convert their own chicken coops into ferret pens. The real ferret boom

continued

started during World War I, when it was discovered that ferrets made the best experimental animals for influenza research. In the crash effort to combat the great flu epidemic and to prevent its recurrence, laboratories ordered thousands of New London ferrets. There were 20 or 30 New Londoners each raising and selling between 2,000 and 5,000 ferrets a year. There were also many smaller backyard ranchers acting as subcontractors for the big operators. In retrospect, it seems that while the great ferret rush lasted everyone in and around New London who was not mortally allergic to weasels had a few pairs stashed away in the garage or basement.

Ted Cunningham, now an officer in the Savings and Loan Banking Company of New London, started as a clerk at the New London Railway Express office in 1915. "We shipped out five or six carloads of ferrets a night, night after night," he recalls. "There was some money made out of ferrets in our town. Not

fortunes, as the word is used now," Cunningham adds, with a banker's reticence, "but some people made very comfortable livings, very comfortable indeed."

"We did well with ferrets, I am not ashamed of it," admits Mrs. Everett Hartman, a placid, practical lady who, with her late husband, raised thousands of ferrets over a 40-year period. "I had a friend who asked me one day how I could stand those smelly little animals. [Ferrets, like all of the weasel clan from the skunk on down, have what can delicately be called a musky odor.] I just told her that the money didn't smell."

One of the nicest things about ferret ranching, aside from the smell of the money, was that the work was light. A man and his family could raise two or three thousand ferrets a year without undue strain. Several hundred breeding females (jills) were caged in each of the long, unheated coops. The mush they were fed was not much more difficult to mix up than domestic breakfast food.

In the months of the year when the females were pregnant or nursing, horse-meat was added to the mush. But in those days old horses were plentiful and were sold to knackers instead of to suburban riding academies, so this dietary supplement did not add appreciably to a ferret breeder's overhead.

Ferrets produce two litters of somewhere between four and a dozen young a year. Though they were occasionally stricken with distemper, diphtheria, foot-rot and flu, the New London ferrets generally ate their mush and multiplied without incident. Concurrently the New London ferret ranchers went about their business of crating up the animals and peddling them around the world at \$5 or so a head.

As most good things seem to do, this pleasant and profitable arrangement came to an end. Technological change destroyed the commercial ferret market. As civilization became more adept and less envious about producing lethal

Hunting ferrets edge their way into any below-ground den, causing commotion when meeting either foe or friend.



Happy ferrets prefer to do their hunting in a kitchen, where cheese sandwiches prove tastier than rabbit in the raw.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BARBARA HESLOM.



pesticides, ferrets were replaced as rat-catchers on ships and docks by a variety of toxic powders, fumes and pills. In the laboratories it was found that such rodents as hamsters were easier to handle and cheaper than ferrets.

Ferrets were displaced from sport for a less scientific reason. They were declared illegal. About 1920, many states began enforcing laws which either banned ferreting outright or else made it extremely difficult and expensive to carry on the pastime. Currently, though automatic pistols and switchblade knives are freely marketed, citizens in almost every state of the Union are fully protected from the evils of owning, using or associating with ferrets.

The laws of Pennsylvania are more or less typical of the benevolent legislation that has made America safe from ferrets. To own a ferret in Pennsylvania one must obtain a license from the state game commission. The fee is \$10 per ferret, and at such rates a man could go

broke quickly if he owned a compatible pair. By way of comparison, you can get a dog license for \$1 and a hunting permit for \$5.20. In the Keystone State it costs only \$15 for a menagerie license, under which one can presumably keep anything from a bushmaster to a rhinoceros—anything, that is, but a ferret.

If one does have the patience and money to duly register a ferret, there is still not a lot he can do with his licensed animal. It may not hunt rabbits or be placed in any opening "in which a rabbit might be found." Earlier laws stipulated that ferrets would not be permitted on the highways, in vehicles or "on railroad or railway cars." Though ferrets are reasonably alert little mammals, there is not one in a hundred bright enough to master the code of behavior which the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania has expected it to obey.

The forced decline of ferrets and ferreting is admittedly not one of our major national disasters, but I am of the

wriggly-pocket set, and since a man can still deplore whatever he wants to, I choose to deplore the ferret ban. It strikes me as silly and unfair. Two groups, the hunting and humane clans, allied themselves for the great antiferret crusade. Gunners, of course, have a long tradition of this sort of meddling. Being the most efficient predators on the face of the earth, they are implacably opposed to anybody who wants to do anything with game other than shoot holes in it. In addition to ferrets, gunners are usually against foxes, mountain lions, hawks, falcons, archers, snare setters, posted lands, game wardens and sanctuaries.

Gunners who agitated for the suppression of ferrets at least acted out of a twisted sense of self-interest, but for the humanitarians (who believe all animals should subscribe to the high ethical standards of humans) it was a moral matter. Their case was that ferrets are bloodthirsty, vicious, bad beasts that should not be permitted to

continued

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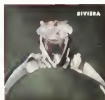
associate with and torment good animals. Overlooking this soap-opera biological system of classifying animals as good guys and bad guys, the argument shows an abysmal ignorance of the actual nature of ferrets.

It is true that ferrets are partly carnivorous, along with such other creatures as dishbunds and ladies attending ASPCA luncheons. Ferrets take a bit of horsemeat tartare or a drop of blood when it is available but, as any old New London mush mixer can certify, their blood lust is mild compared to the rest of us meat eaters. Bread, milk and an occasional egg will keep a ferret happy and healthy for an indefinite period. As to ferrets being vicious, I think this rap grows out of the fact that ferrets have always had a bad press in novels. Innumerable fictional blackmailers, pickpockets, cat burglars and Peeping Toms have been described, from the time of Charles Dickens on, as being "shifty as weasels" or "vicious, ferret-faced creatures." These literary figures of speech are ridiculous. I have known many ferrets, and their normal facial expression is a cross between that of an intelligent squirrel and a perplexed certified public accountant.

The first ferret I knew well was a white one belonging to my grandfather. In theory, this hob lived in the basement and was employed as the family rat chaser. In practice, he was usually found either asleep in a broom closet or sitting up on his hind legs begging for roast and cheese in the kitchen. Occasionally my grandmother, exasperated by this vicious killer, would chase him downstairs with a broom, ordering him to go catch a rat and stop pestering her for cheese sandwiches. As far as I know, this ferret never leaped at her jugular vein. Between then and now I have known other ferrets, all of which were considerably more personable and peaceable companions than myna birds, Pekingese dogs or Siamese fighting fish.

A few years ago I bought my last ferret at black-market prices from a poacher friend. He shall go unidentified and unlocated, for if he were caught with his dozen ferrets he would be treated harshly. This ferret was a little brindle female

continued



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who, when she was brought to my household of children, dogs, cats and assorted livestock, took up residence under the refrigerator. She was named Parker (after the famous Norway) in recognition of a ferret's most notable characteristic, which is not lusting after blood, but insatiable curiosity.

Ferrets are congenitally unable to resist exploring holes, nooks, crannies and cracks. Parker, like all ferrets, had an ideal build for this investigatory work. She weighed about a pound, was 16 inches long and as supple as a serpent. She could get her sharp-pointed little head through a hole two inches in diameter, and anywhere her head could go her shoulderless and hipless body could follow. She squirmed into heating ducts, into the innards of radios and pianos, into boots, into the decapitated corpses of hollow-bodied dolls and under bookcases and rugs. Her only violent act was committed against a clumsy German shepherd who stepped on her one morning as she was emerging from her den beneath the refrigerator. In a chattering rage, Parker twisted around and bit the stumblebum on the nose. Forever after, this boob of a dog treated Parker with great respect. Parker had only two habits that ferret detractors could call depraved. She would run nylon stockings as she tried to climb up the legs they encased, and she would steal dish towels, dragging them into her pad under the refrigerator.

Despite her easy adjustment as a house pet, Parker was, after all, a ferret, whose traditional line of work was supposed to be chasing things out of holes, not dusting under chairs with her tail. So in the spring of her first year we took her to the farm of a friend, Glenn, who had a pasture full of rabbit and woodchuck holes. In the evening Glenn and I, with Parker in my pocket, set out on one of the last great ferret hunts.

One of the advantages of ferreting is that the principal participant, the ferret, does not need much training. All a ferret's instincts urge him to go down any hole he is shown. The man, who is sup-

continued

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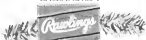


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POP! *continued*

posedly in charge of the operation, only has to put his ferret on the ground, sit down and wait to see what comes up. The difficulty is that sometimes a ferret gets into a hole he likes too well. He may follow a maze that brings him to the surface a long way from the original entrance; he may decide to curl up and take a nap; or he may, on rare occasions, decide to catch himself a meal, which he will eat in leisurely fashion despite any pressing appointments the man waiting above ground may have. Even love may detain a ferret. One oldtime ferreter tells of dropping a she-ferret in an amorous physiological condition down what he thought was a rabbit hole. Actually, there was a he-mink in the burrow. These two close cousins proved simpatico, and the ferreter claims that whatever went on in the dark was tempestuous and took the devil's own time to accomplish. However, he was never able to prove that his ferret was not all she should have been since, as the saying goes, there was no issue.

To avoid these annoying delays, ferrets are sometimes harnessed and worked on long leashes. In this way they can be dragged back on demand, except when the leash gets tangled on a root or around a stone. When this happens there is nothing for the ferreter to do but get out a pick and shovel and start digging. This kind of thing tends to take the fun out of a hunt, particularly if the ground is frozen. A muzzle is also sometimes used on a ferret. The idea is that the animal can now chase, but cannot bite, on his quarry. The risk of this method is that if the ferret meets up with a hole owner who is ready and willing to dispute a passage, the hunter is likely to become the hunted. Still other ferreters hunt only mated pairs. They send the female underground and keep the male with them, as a sort of hostage. The reasoning is that the little lady will hurry back to her husband. The female is never kept waiting for the male. If nothing else, this procedure ought to interest young wives and marriage counselors.

Parker, Glenn and I were innocent of any fancy equipment or philosophies when we set out on our expedition. As it turned out, we did not need them, for

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POP!

Parker took to woodchuck holes like a woodchuck will go to a sweet-corn patch. She dived down the first hole we showed her and came up a few minutes later at the mouth of an interconnecting tunnel. She had earth on her nose and a pleased gleam in her eye. Then, as we followed, she began to work down the fence row, diving and surfacing in the foam like a porpoise in the sea. The only disappointing aspect of this operation was that Parker was the only creature who came up out of any of the holes.

"I know there's chucks in there," Glenn complained. "They sit around stuffing themselves on clover all day. I see them when I'm plowing."

External evidence confirmed this claim. Many of the holes had fresh earth and woodchuck table scraps at the mouth. Occasionally, while Parker was underground, we would hear an ill-tempered rumbling. Even so, Parker would come up alone, with a worried, apologetic look on her face. Finally we decided that since it was getting late the woodchucks must all have been sacked out and Parker had been far too much of a lady to rouse them.

Eventually Glenn raised a young rabbit that bolted down a hole in the bank of an old quarry. We picked up Parker and ran to the spot. This burrow had two entrances and we put Parker in the one we thought the rabbit had used. Almost at once there was a satisfying commotion. Shortly, both animals emerged, but there must have been some underground confusion, for the rabbit came out of the hole Parker had entered and the ferret popped up from the far exit. They stared at each other for a brief moment and then the rabbit jumped. The bunny was clearly adolescent, but it already outweighed Parker about two to one. With sort of the rabbit equivalent of a straight arm, the quarry simply ran over the vicious ferret. When the dust settled, Parker picked herself up and looked around groggily after the fashion of a T-formatted quarterback who has been blitzed. The rabbit was long gone. It was a humiliating experience for both

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POP! (Continued)

Parker and me. We got no sympathy from Glenn, who howled hysterically, "She's a tiger, a tiger. Please don't let her get me."

In attempting to rebut the various slanders that have been circulated about ferrets it would be unrealistic to claim that all of these little animals are as ineffectual as Parker was on this occasion. I admit to remembering a great white ferret who was once dropped down a wide-mouthed hole. There was an almost instantaneous explosion of action. Two fox pups followed by a vixen came boiling out of the den, with the hob ferret in close and ferocious pursuit. Most ferrets do chase things—it is their nature—and catch them, too. A ferret worked frequently can probably take as many rabbits in the course of a year as a man driving to conservation meetings can kill with his car. Even Parker might have become an efficient ferret if given a little practice. It was just that at the time of her maiden hunt she was more accustomed to dealing with dish towels than game. After this first and last field trial, she was retired and lived out her days in the kitchen, operating from the security of her refrigerator den, where no rabbit could get at her.

In time, as all creatures must, Parker came to her reward. Though she was mourned, she has not been replaced. What with all the assaults recently being made on law and order, I did not want to contribute to the breakdown of public morality by keeping a bootleg ferret, and I did not have the time or money to license one. However, my recent visit to New London renewed my craving for these weasels. Deciding to live dangerously, I inquired about buying one in this Cooperstown of ferretry. I had no more luck than Parker did with the rabbit. Rumor has it that there is one retired ferret rancher near New London who keeps half a dozen of the animals for old times' sake. But this man will not admit to such carryings-on and so, lacking a search warrant, there is not a ferret to be had in what was once Ferretville, U.S.A. There is nothing left in Our Town now but Chemungo Charlie and the girls' choir and those nice old ladies on their porches.

END



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~~3~~



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

WRESTLING—BOSTON retained a comfortable 15-0 record in the last by winning all three of their A CINCINNATI triple four. PHILADELPHIA adopted two more victories at matrons and won two games in a row. But the three quickly lost three games, defeated the Celtics 110-90 but lost three other games. BALTIMORE took two of three by the stars in a new town (other local men brought the Bruins for \$1 million) and SAN FRANCISCO lost three more (defeating the Lakers 109-108). It was the second victory for the Warriors in 11 games, and there were runnings that Walt Chamberlain was back to his best old ways of playing for Chamberlain in the 1970s.

BOXING—JOSE TORRES knocked out Bobo Dixon in the opening round of a light-heavyweight match in New York (major 20) and won a prize of a title match with Champion Willie FAIRFAX, who defeated Terry Duane in London.

Grant Jason J. Heaton, the 40-year-old, 155-pounder, fighting out of New York (50, Aug. 17), lost an eight-round bout by a decision to JAMES J. RAGGIO, a 35-year-old New Yorker, in Madison Square Garden.

CHIEFS—In the 16th Division field in Tel Aviv, the SOVIET UNION won the championship by defeating 1965 points. Yugoslavia finished second, while the U.S. was a dismal third.

FOOTBALL—NFL Western Division Champion BALTIMORE won an 18-0 victory, a surprisingly close 14-10 victory over San Francisco, while the Seattle SEASIDE 18-0 victory over Dallas 40-21. MINNESOTA crushed Los Angeles 34-13 and CHICAGO beat Detroit 23-14 in a 17-0 victory over the Packers. The Cleveland Browns won two games in a row, scored two TDs in the last quarter in a 14-0 victory over the Browns, scored a 14-0 victory over Philadelphia and almost lost a game—clinched the Eastern Division title. ST. LOUIS, a game and half behind with two games left to play, scored two TDs in the last quarter in a 14-0 victory over the Browns, scored a 14-0 victory over Philadelphia and almost lost a game—clinched the Eastern Division title. ST. LOUIS, a game and half behind with two games left to play, scored two TDs in the last quarter in a 14-0 victory over the Browns, scored a 14-0 victory over Philadelphia and almost lost a game—clinched the Eastern Division title.

AFL in a possible preview of the AFL championship playoff, Eastern Division leader BUFFALO defeated Western Division leader San Diego 27-24.

when rookie Pete Gogoluck lacked a 35-yard field goal with eight minutes to go. BOSTON prevailed, game behind Buffalo in the East with a 34-17 victory over Houston. In other games, NEW YORK defeated Kansas City 27-14 and DALLAS beat DENVER 20-20.

The two professional leagues held their annual draft of college players on the same day in New York City. The NFL took 100 players and 40 minutes, the AFL picked 224 players in 28 rounds, while the NFL took 27 teams and 40 minutes to draft 260 players in 20 rounds. Here are the select players named by both leagues in order their first round of second rounds: LARRY ELKINS, Baylor and Green Bay and Houston, GALE SAYERS, Kansas and Chicago and Kansas City, STEVE DE LONG, Tennessee and Chicago and San Diego, TOM NOWAK, Indiana and Buffalo, Dennis and New York Jets, ROY NAMATH, Alabama and New York Jets, and New York Jets, DICK BUTTS, Illinois and Chicago and Detroit, JERRY RUSSELL, Michigan State and Detroit and Boston, ROY JEFFERSON, Utah and Pittsburgh and San Diego, RALPH NELLY, Oklahoma and Baltimore and Houston, MAJOMU WALKER, Rice and Houston, Dallas and Houston, Auburn and Houston, FRED LERK, Auburn was the NFL's first selection and was immediately signed by the New York Giants.

BRITISH COLUMBIA, which had lost in the Grey Cup final in Hamilton last year, upset the U.S. 24-24 to take the 1970 Canadian championship.

HOCKEY—DETROIT maintained its one-point lead in a tight race by defeating Montreal 3-1 and tying second-place TORONTO 1-1. The Maple Leafs dropped two of their other three games, while MONTREAL won two of three to hold third, two points back. NEW YORK took two from Toronto to retain entrance by the Maple Leafs in six games this season—a more respectable comeback—lost were defeated by the Canadiens and missed 6-1 by the first-place Bruins. Stumping CHICAGO lost two games and fell to fifth, while surprising BOSTON won two out of three.

HORSE RACING—Money-loving Mary Hecht watched her money-making SADDLEMAN (\$10,911) first prize in the betters (Purson Futuro). The boy colt won an easy 1 1/2-length win over Red Hot and raised his season's earnings to \$499,237, the most ever by a 2-year-old.

TENNIS—In the New South Wales championships in Sydney, FRED STOLLE upset his Davis Cup teammate, Ray Rostone, for the second time in a row 4-6, 6-3, 11-9, 4-6, 6-3.

Fourth-seeded FRANK CONNER of Belleville, Ill. defeated unranked Todd Ballinger of Leawood, Kan. 6-2, 6-4, 6-2 to win the U.S. junior boys' title in St. Louis.

TRACK & FIELD—Using John Davies and Bill Rugh for pacemakers, PETER SNELL led to lower his world mile record for the second week in a row. But the weather in Wellington turned cold and the run his slowest race in nearly a year—4:31.9.

"Southern Hines" DAN SHAUGHNESSY, a 20-year-old Canadian, won the 1/2 mile and 200-yard Federator's 10,000-meter championship by 120 yards in 30:37.8 in Chicago's Washington Park. Two days later the AAU staged its own 10,000-meter championship over the same course, and DAVE ELLIS, a Toronto tax assessor, beat 102 other runners in 30:40.

IN SPORTS—AWARDED: The Heisman Trophy, for the nation's finest college football player, to Notre Dame Quarterback JOHN HUARTE. Huarte, who played only 40 minutes last year, completed 114 passes in 20 attempts for 144 yards in leading the Irish to a 9-1 record, their best since 1954.

NAMED: KEN BOYER, 33, the All-Star third baseman of the World Champion St. Louis Cardinals, to 20 attempts for 144 yards in leading the Irish to a 9-1 record, their best since 1954. The already captain of the Cardinals led the majors in RBIs with 119, batted .293 and hit 24 home runs.

NAMED: Mervyn Tait and Donalder TDY DILL, 24, and Philadelphia Phillies third baseman RICHIE ALLEN, 22, as Rockies of the year. Allen led the American League in batting (.325), runs (80) and has (107), while Tait, who topped the National League in runs (125), batted .314 and had 9 RBIs.

HURT: FRANK SEDGMAN, 36, who won the Wimbledon and Forest Hills titles in 1952 and led Australia to three straight Wimbledon titles (1950-52), to three West Germany's Cup titles.

TRADED: Stamping Boston Red Sox first baseman DICK SIKUTAK (140, 114 RBIs) to the Philadelphia Phillies, for left-handed pitcher DENNIS BURNETT (12-14, 3.60 ERA).

CRITICALLY BURNED: Lady Driver BOBBY MARSHMAN, 28, who has been found careered too the runner's wall at Phoenix Racetrack and exploded in flames.

CRITICALLY INJURED: CLEVELAND WILLIAMS, 31, a highly rated wide receiver, by a bullet fired by a Texas highway policeman, while allegedly resisting arrest for drunken driving.

DIED: JIMMY WALSH, 78, the 5-6-1/2-1/2 basketball player who won the world title in 1963 from London's Digger Stanley, in Beverly, Mass.

CARDS

4—James Dineen 29—Jack Shady and George Long 31—Marty Schottman 22—Joe Blumstein 30—Jack Shady and George Long 34—Tony Tamm 32—Jack Shady and George Long 35—Tony Tamm 33—Richard Meier 40—James Dineen 40—Jack Shady and George Long 41—James Dineen 42—Jack Shady and George Long 43—Tony Tamm 44—James Dineen 45—Jack Shady and George Long 46—Tony Tamm 47—James Dineen 48—Jack Shady and George Long 49—Tony Tamm 50—James Dineen 51—Jack Shady and George Long 52—Tony Tamm 53—James Dineen 54—Jack Shady and George Long 55—Tony Tamm 56—James Dineen 57—Jack Shady and George Long 58—Tony Tamm 59—James Dineen 60—Jack Shady and George Long 61—Tony Tamm 62—James Dineen 63—Jack Shady and George Long 64—Tony Tamm 65—James Dineen 66—Jack Shady and George Long 67—Tony Tamm 68—James Dineen 69—Jack Shady and George Long 70—Tony Tamm 71—James Dineen 72—Jack Shady and George Long 73—Tony Tamm 74—James Dineen 75—Jack Shady and George Long 76—Tony Tamm 77—James Dineen 78—Jack Shady and George Long 79—Tony Tamm 80—James Dineen 81—Jack Shady and George Long 82—Tony Tamm 83—James Dineen 84—Jack Shady and George Long 85—Tony Tamm 86—James Dineen 87—Jack Shady and George Long 88—Tony Tamm 89—James Dineen 90—Jack Shady and George Long 91—Tony Tamm 92—James Dineen 93—Jack Shady and George Long 94—Tony Tamm 95—James Dineen 96—Jack Shady and George Long 97—Tony Tamm 98—James Dineen 99—Jack Shady and George Long 100—Tony Tamm

FACES IN THE CROWD



GENE RHOADS, a former bartender from Valparaiso, Ind., who joined the PBA tour last summer, rolled a world-record six-game series of 1,532 in the qualifying rounds for the Columbus, Ohio Open. The previous mark of 1,525 was set last year by Ray Bluth.



ELMORE BANTON, a junior at Ohio University, because the first Bobcat ever to win the four-mile NCAA Cross-Country title at East Lansing, Mich. After leading the field of 189 all the way, he finished 59 yards in front of Notre Dame's Bill Clark, in 20:07.5.



BILLY JOHNSON, 36, a 5-foot-8, 148-pound junior halfback at Paul O. Schreiber High School in Port Washington, Long Island, N.Y., scored 15 TDs and one PAT for 91 points—tops in Nassau County—in leading his team to an undefeated season (7-0-1).



JOE ROBERTSON, 45, an engineer at the Boeing Aircraft Co. in Seattle, released his tow line at 10,000 feet, and piloted his German-built A-68B sailplane to 32,370 feet over Mount Rainier 50 set a Washington state open class record 31:42.



CHUCK FROEHLE, 21, a senior business major and a basketball player at Marion College in Indianapolis, scored a school-record 51 points on 19 field goals and 13 free throws and grabbed 17 rebounds as Marion defeated St. Francis of Fort Wayne, Ind. 100-87.



AL LYNCH of Niagara Falls, N.Y., swept three titles at the Toronto international badminton tournament he upset Detroit's Jack Keating 15-9, 15-10 in the singles, teamed with Bob Williams to win the doubles with Nancy Vincent to take the mixed doubles.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

WESTWARD NO

Sirs:

After reading Edwin Shrake's article (*Hole the West Has Hunk*, Nov. 23), it is quite obvious that Mr. Shrake is prejudiced. The only reason the Western Division of the NFL has won so handily in the previous seven years is the fact that the Eastern Division title is constantly up for grabs until the last few weeks of the season. Last year, for instance, the leader was not decided until the last week. This constant struggle for league supremacy, week after week, is enough to wear out any team physically. The Bears last year and the Packers before them have practically coasted in year after year. Every team of the "manhandled" East plays a championship game every Sunday afternoon.

St. Louis

PETE GRACE

Sirs:

Here's a solution for the imbalance: First move Baltimore to the Eastern Division and Dallas to the Western Division. The fact that Baltimore is in the West and Dallas in the East renders the geographical titles of the divisions meaningless. Next, put Detroit in the Eastern Division with St. Louis replacing it in the West. Thus, two of the three best teams in the West would be moving to the East. To make up for the West's loss, they would receive two of the exciting young teams that have shown signs of becoming league powers in the near future.

Although Shrake predicted league balance in a few years, I feel that this plan would bring it about sooner. Also the change might be good for the teams involved.

STEVE SUMMERS

Raleigh, N.C.

ALL-AMERICAN STEM

Sirs:

What gives? An Austrian ski instructor on your cover demonstrating a "modified Austrian" approach to parallel skiing (*Three Ascent that Skier*, Nov. 23)?

Get with it. American Skiing has come of age. It can stand on its own skis and its own method of instruction—the American Technique. We no longer need to look to Europe for equipment or for competent ski teachers.

CHARLES H. QUINN

Salt Lake City

PLUGGING THE DRAIN (CONT.)

Sirs:

Robert Boyle's article (*America down the Drain*, Nov. 16) was a terrific example of

how a strong report in a magazine such as yours can stir the public conscience. I, for one, was unaware of the extent of the problem that exists concerning the conservation of our natural beauty, resources and wildlife. But I am familiar with the Beaver Kill and Willowemoc Creek in southern New York, and they are certainly unique. To alter or destroy them would be an irremediable waste.

Secretary of the Interior Udall also had a valid point when he said that spreading out-burns are not enough.

LAWRENCE LEDER

The Bronx

Sirs:

I fully share Mr. Boyle's concern, especially as it relates to our crowded Northeast situation, where we are rapidly running out of paving space for the highways of the future. This is one of the principal factors behind my proposal for a high-speed intercity rail system in the Northeast states. Since a single set of railroad tracks can do the job of as many as 18 lanes of highway, we can easily perceive the close relationship between sound conservation planning and preservation of our railroads.

With specific reference to Boyle's article, I must disagree with his assertion that "newspaper campaigns have no effect." The Providence Evening Bulletin series on "Rhode Island the Beautiful," to which he referred, contributed a great deal to the establishment of receptive attitudes to conservation matters in our state, where the voters approved by a nearly 2-to-1 margin a \$5 million bond issue for our so-called Green Acres program November 3. These state funds will supplement federal grants to finance purchase of land for new state parks, beach development and woodland and marshland preservation.

The excellent publicity by the Evening Bulletin helped greatly to inform the Rhode Island electorate and to encourage intelligent voting that will lead to a program of banking our resources for the future.

CLARENCE PELL
U.S. Senator

Washington

Sirs:

In Maine we long ago recognized the problem and are now doing something about it. Such things as facilities of our state parks, developing new summer and winter outdoor recreation areas, new laws to outlaw the abandoned automobile, building our highways through low cost or blighted areas where practicable, an honest, energetic program underway to clean up our

streams and lakes, a national citation for the finest and most effective anti-litter program of the 50 states, urban renewal and transportation and traffic studies in our major cities, huge municipal sewage construction underway and legal preservation of our own wilderness area, the Allagash, are blunt testimony to the fact that we do care.

Boyle's article could have been just as forcibly written from the opposite viewpoint. Down with *Down the Drain*.

JOHN HOOKER

Temple, Me.

Sirs:

Regardless of the route—indifference, ignorance or other—Americans who savor outdoor recreation and unimpaired natural scenery as a necessary ingredient for making life more livable may find out too late that our "fat" society is providing the means of getting all dressed up (more leisure time, fine sporting equipment, etc.) at a rate of acceleration precisely equal to production of no place to go. At least no place close to home. Both Canada and Hell are possibilities, but they can't be gone to every day.

The light to preserve natural resources could be likened to an inept boxer, 99½ defense, 1½ offense, with most of his time being spent in preventing something catastrophic from occurring, and the tiny remainder in averting his own talents.

WILLIAM H. KELLY III

Livingston Manor, N.Y.

Sirs:

Bravo for Boyle! While we in Canada have not yet managed to despoil and pillage the land, we are certainly on our way.

For example, a British Columbia cabinet minister earlier this year proposed that mining and logging companies should be allowed to chew up the land and cut trees in provincial parks. All in the name of progress!

Perhaps our "advanced" civilization could learn something from the traditional beliefs of the Plains Indians who held the land as sacred and not to be despoiled. How about a formation of a militant lay organization, perhaps the North American Conservation Society?

ALF STRAND

Edmonton, Alta.

THE HORSE

Sirs:

When Louis B. Mayer imported Alibhai from England as a 3-year-old, he of course had no idea of the magnitude of the venture. But the facts as now set down suggest that this, for American racing, was an epic

continued

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YESTERDAY



Great Asterisk Football Game

The Boston College team (above) played a wild match with Holy Cross in 1896—and the score is still in dispute

by PARTON KEESE

Back in 1896 when football looked more like a 22-man tag-team match, Boston College and Holy Cross played the first two games of a series that has since included 60 games in all and has developed into one of New England's top rivalries. The first game between the two Jesuit schools was played in Worcester, Mass., home of Holy Cross, and was won by BC, 6-2. The second game, played a week later in Boston, was a different story. When the game was over both teams claimed the victory, and to this day record books, college historians and even newspaper accounts disagree. The nearest either side will come to accord is to mark the score with an asterisk, coldly observing at the bottom of the table: *Victory disputed.

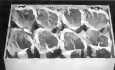
Boston College had been playing organized football for three years before it added Holy Cross to its schedule. The Crusaders of Holy Cross, on the other hand, had just formed a team in 1896, and their coach was Dr. A. C. N. Peterson. BC had no hired coach that year, so its captain, Joe Walsh, acted as principal organizer. In those days football was a murderous affair. Rules, equipment, strategy and officiating were, by present standards, primitive. Teams relied on three stock plays—a line buck, an end run and a punt. The flying wedge

had been outlawed that same year, but the mass attack, sometimes called the "turtle back," was still popular. Ten men formed in a mass several yards behind the scrimmage line. The ball was snapped back and disappeared into the middle of the mass. Soon the whole group would start running together, forcing opponents to tackle anybody and everybody until they found the one with the ball. In a trick variation of this, all but one of the bunch would move to the side of the field, as in a wedge formation, with one man bent over and apparently carrying the ball. While the opponents chased him, the unnoticed man on the ground, who all the time had the ball concealed under him, got up and ran down the other side of the field.

Most of the players of that era wore turtle-neck sweaters and pants with quilting on the front of the thighs. Some used a combination one-piece canvas suit, though moleskin had begun to replace that. The typical player wore his hair long. No substitutions were allowed except for disqualified or injured players, but once taken out they could not return to the game. It took virtually a state of unconsciousness to get them out.

Three tries instead of four were allowed for a first down, and five yards, not 10, was the distance required. Inter-

Continued



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Great Asterisk continued

locked arms, pushing and pulling were
legal. Hughie McGrath, Boston Col-
lege's 130-pound fullback, had a leather
strap sewed to the seat of his trousers by
which he was lifted and thrown bodily
over the scrimmage line. There was no
neutral zone between the opposing lines;
the men were nose to nose, and the in-
stant the ball touched the ground it was
in play.

It was the officiating, however, that
was bizarre. There was no governing
body to test the knowledge of the men
who called the plays and, as a result,
they were notably lax on rules and often
prejudiced since many worked in games
played by their own schools. On a close
play it was not an uncommon sight to
see the referees toss a coin to decide the
question. Scoring was different, too, with
the foot playing a much larger role than
today. In 1896 a touchdown counted
four points, a conversion two points, a
field-goal five and a safety two.

Two men shared the referee's job on
November 14, 1896 for the second and
controversial BC-TC game. One was
Harry L. Dodman, a graduate of
Worcester Tech and a member of the
Worcester Athletic Club, who was con-
sidered one of the East's outstanding
football officials. He was 27 at the time.
The other referee was Thomas C. Clark-
son, who was attending Boston Univer-
sity's medical school. The two agreed to
divide their authority, with Dodman run-
ning the first half of 20 minutes and the
young Clarkson taking over for the sec-
ond half where, ultimately, he was to be-
come the central figure in the dispute.
Little is known of Clarkson other than
his one-year attendance at BU. Dod-
man, who died in 1957 at the age of 88,
was a reporter with *The Worcester Tele-
gram*, and it is mainly his account of the
game that appears here.

A bleak wind was blowing down the
field that Saturday at the South End
grounds. There was snow on the ground
and the mud was inches deep. The crowd
numbered about 500. Holy Cross sported
a living legend in its own backfield,
the wonderfully gifted Indian athlete
from Old Town, Me., Louis Francis
(Chief) Sockalexis. Just one year later,
the star halfback and brilliant baseball
player signed with the Cleveland Indians,
and he played three years in the
major leagues, winding up with a .307
batting average.

The game began at 3 p.m., and right



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from the start the ball was kicked back and forth by the two teams, who found the slippery pigskin too difficult to move on the wet field. Boston College worked a huff punt with a crisscross to move the ball deep into Holy Cross territory. Left Tackle Jim Landrigan sprinted around George Linehan's end for the longest run of the game, about 60 yards. Then he and Bob Croker, the right end, took turns carrying the ball until it was across the Holy Cross goal line. Bill Lyons missed the kick, and after 10 minutes the score read: BC 4, HC 0. There was no more scoring in the first half.

Holy Cross dominated play in the second half with Ed Kelly, the right tackle, running the ball most of the time until he scored to tie the game, 4-4. The conversion attempt involved quite a fancy piece of strategy, as many did in those days, since the ball was always put in play directly from where the touchdown was scored.

But the angle was too sharp for a good try at kicking the ball over the goal posts and, following the rules of the day, Fullback Ed Hickson punted the ball backward. Jim Campbell, the snapper back or center, made a fair catch. The angle was still a poor one, but against a strong wind Linehan came through with an outstanding kick to put Holy Cross in the lead, 6-4.

Sockalexis and Kelly starred for the Crusaders at this point, tackling and running magnificently. Captain John Finn and Left Tackle John Dooley also rushed Boston College back on its heels. With two and a half minutes remaining in the game, Walsh of the Eagles and one of the Holy Cross linemen tangled after the whistle had blown. A fight broke out. All the players joined in, followed by the spectators who came right down onto the field. The air was filled with flying canes, fists and hats. It took five policemen to get the mob in hand.

During the battle, the ball was picked up by a Boston College player and run over the Holy Cross line. Walsh claimed a touchdown, but Referee Clarkson ordered the ball brought back to the position it held after the last play before the riot. Walsh argued vehemently, but Clarkson stood firm. Walsh ordered his team off the field and refused to play. While Clarkson tried to persuade the Boston College players to return, Captain Finn of Holy Cross demanded a decision on the disputed play.

continued



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Great Asterisk *continued*

Clarkson made one more appeal to Walsh, but the Eagle captain still declined. Clarkson ruled: "On the ground that the Boston College players refuse to continue the game, I award the game to Holy Cross, the final score being 6-4 in their favor." Captain Finn announced the referee's decision to his players, a cheer was given for the Boston College students and the Holy Cross players got into their bus and went to their hotel nearby. Most of the spectators left the field, too, believing that the game was over and Holy Cross had won, 6-4.

But the stragglers who stayed to argue or applaud were rewarded with some new excitement. About five minutes after Holy Cross had been awarded the game and left the field, an outsider called Captain Walsh to his side. Whatever passed between them is unrecorded, but the Eagle captain came back to the crowd and informed the referee that he was ready to continue the game and would have his players ready immediately.

Referee Clarkson sent a messenger out into the street for Captain Finn. The messenger returned and said that Finn refused to bring his team back to the field. When Clarkson was told of this, he immediately requested the Boston College players to line up, and after he had blown his whistle the Boston boys trotted toward the unguarded Holy Cross goal. Art White earned the ball on this play, and when he had touched it down behind the Holy Cross goal, Referee Clarkson gave the Boston players a touchdown and then declared that the score of the game was 8-6 in favor of the home team.

Of this last play, the Holy Cross team knew nothing until informed of it by a reporter. When asked if he had met a messenger from Referee Clarkson, Captain Finn insisted he had not and was shocked that the referee, after having made one decision, should then make another in the absence of one of the teams after the game had officially ended.

With all the fighting and animosity caused by this game, it was feared that the friendly relations that had existed between the brother schools would end and their ties would be severed. Not so. The next year found the two rivals once again squaring off on the gridiron, with Holy Cross winning, 10-4.

But the series was forever after haunted by the controversy over the great asterisk football game of 1896. **END**

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